THE LADY'S OWN PAPER.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE COURT, THE DRAMA, FASHION, FICTION, MUSIC, &c.
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]
THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.
No. 225.—Vol. VII.—New Series.] SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1871. [Price Threepence. Post Free, 3s. 10d per Quarter.

MR. SOTHERN.

IN his own particular line Mr. Sothern is undoubtedly the most popular artist of the day. He is generally considered, moreover—though why it would be, perhaps, hard to determine—as pre-eminently a ladies' actor, and for both reasons his portrait seems called for in our Gallery of Representative Men. What playgoer amongst our readers, indeed, but must have witnessed his wonderful personation of Lord Dundreary, or his little less amusing Brother Sam; and who, having seen, but has admired the marvellous skill with which both these characters have been elaborated? In such parts Mr. Sothern has reached the highest pinnacle of public favouritism, and that he has gained equal reputation in no others detracts but little from his merit, since it is a point dependent rather upon the caprice of the public than the genuine abilities of the actor. Few actors, it has been well said, have been more successful than he in exhibiting deep feeling underlying the coldness of exterior forced upon men by the dictates of modern society. He has given some absolutely striking pictures of emotion breaking momentarily through the outward impassibility of modern behaviour, and has shown distinctly, and with marked skill, the pulsations of that heart which beats behind the dress-coat of these days as it beat behind the hauberk or the toga. Not unfrequently Mr. Sothern's impersonations of this kind are marred by a certain over-timidity. "Mistrusting, it would appear, his own power of pathos, or knowing at least that it has always been most successful when it has been linked with the utmost possible display of the *sang froid* of modern society, Mr. Sothern has determined apparently never to transgress or violate the moderation enforced in that world whose representative he is."

MR. SOTHERN.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker-street, W.

As regards personal history, Mr. Sothern's career may be sketched in a very few words. Born at Liverpool, April 1, 1830, he received the baptismal name of Edward Askew, and was educated for the Church. The stage proving however more congenial to his tastes, he adopted it as his profession, and in 1851 went to the United States, and appeared at the National Theatre, Boston, in the character of Dr. Pangloss. He does not seem to have been particularly successful at this house, and we consequently find him transferring his services to Wallack's and Keene's Theatres, New York, where he played the leading business for five years. It was during this time that he conceived the idea of *The American Cousin*, and having written the play with a special eye to his own talents as an actor, he performed his now famous character of Lord Dundreary more than 1,100 nights in the United States, and with ever-growing success, before coming to England, where he at once took London by storm. In 1863-4 the play was repeated 496 consecutive nights at the Haymarket Theatre, perhaps the longest run on record; and since then it has been reproduced again and again in London, as well as throughout the provinces and in Ireland and Scotland. He also appeared at Paris in 1807 in his favourite character, but our lively neighbours hardly knew what to make of it, yet laughed heartily nevertheless, and generally in the wrong place!

Mr. Sothern appeared in 1864 as David Garrick, in an adaptation from the French drama from which *The Tragedy Queen* was taken, and later, in Dr. Marston's *Favourite of Fortune*, Tom Taylor's *Lesson for Life*, Oxenford's *Brother Sam*, as well as *A Wild Goose*, *A Wife Well Won*, *A Hero of Romance*, and *Home*, in all of which the familiar features of his acting have been well exhibited.

During the innumerable representations of Lord Dundreary, the part has become modified in some respects, and not always for the better; yet no one who has seen it even recently will readily forget the character—the culmination of the inconsistent and incongruous. As a writer in the *Sunday Times* remarked, of the many irrationalities which go to the making of his character the most potent is, perhaps the expenditure of the utmost possible earnestness upon objects which are ludicrously trivial. To the consummation of his sneeze Lord Dundreary devotes as much forethought and method as a merchant would bring to an important transaction upon the exchange, or a soldier to a master-stroke of strategy. His retardation of this sneeze until the felicitous moment for its full enjoyment has arrived, his diplomatic efforts to escape interference or intrusion at the critical moment, his almost tragic anger at untoward interruptions, and his exultation when time, place, and general circumstances concur, and the coveted gratification is obtained, are infinitely diverting from the contrast between the magnitude of the apparatus employed and the extreme smallness of the result obtained. In countless other examples Lord Dundreary's incongruity manifests itself. Persuaded of his own powers of fascination, he seeks to provoke love, though he has no more lucid comment to make when his efforts are successful, than to inform her that the weather is foggy. But why explain a character that must be familiar to all playgoers?

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Cryptogram.

By the Author of "The Dodge Club," &c.

CHAPTER LIV.—*(Continued.)*

BEWILDERMENT.

HAD the form of General Pomeroy or of Earl Chetwynde appeared at that instant before them, they could not have been more confounded. Lord Chetwynde, however, was cool and calm. There was nothing in his secret which was very important, and there was therefore no fear of a discovery to disturb the unfeigned joy that mingled with his wonder at this sudden appearance of his old nurse, blended also with deep and sharp grief at the weary, wan, and wretched face that he saw before him. As to his assumed name and the revelation of his true one, that did not trouble him at all, for he could give his explanation very readily. But with Zillah it was different. Rightly or wrongly, she considered her secret a thing which should be guarded like her heart's blood; and now she saw suddenly before her the certainty of a full disclosure—a disclosure, too, not merely in the presence of Obed Chute, but of Windham also. Yet even this fear, terrible as it would have been at other times, was successfully mastered, and her generous and loving nature turned away from selfish fears, with longing, and joy, and pity, to this dear old friend; and these feelings, mingling together at that sudden sight, drove away all others.

But now to these succeeded a new surprise, which was overwhelming. For just as she started, in obedience to her impulse, she saw Lord Chetwynde hurry forward. She saw Mrs. Hart's eyes fixed on him in a kind of ecstasy. She saw her totter forward, with all her face overspread with a joy that is but seldom known—known only in rare moments, when some lost one, loved and lost—some one more precious than life itself—is suddenly found. She saw Lord Chetwynde hurry forward. She saw Mrs. Hart run towards him, and with a low moan, a longing, yearning cry, fling herself upon his breast and clasp him in her arms.

She heard her words—words wonderful, thrilling, and beyond all understanding:—

"Oh, my boy! Oh, my own! Oh, Guy! Oh, my little boy! Oh, my darling! My God! I thank thee for this joy!"

Uttering such broken ejaculations Mrs. Hart burst into a passion of tears, and only Lord Chetwynde's strong arms prevented her from falling.

He upheld her. He murmured words of affection, deep and tender and true. With gentle urgency he drew her to a sofa, made her sit down by his side, and took her emaciated hands in his. He seemed to have forgotten the presence of others in that sudden, that overwhelming feeling of compassion for his aged, his heart-broken nurse. He was unconscious even of Zillah. In that moment his whole heart was turned to this wan face that leaned against his breast.

He said very little. How could he say much? A few attempts at soothing her—a few loving words—these were all. And these were enough; for better than these was the love that was expressed in his strong embrace—the love that sustained her now, and changed despair into rapture.

"Forgive me, my own; do not be angry," she murmured, "with your poor old nurse. I left home long, long ago. I rose from my sick-bed to seek you. I came here, and have watched, and watched, for a long time. Oh, how long! But you never came."

"You! watching for me! here in Florence!" exclaimed Lord Chetwynde, in wonder. "My poor old dear, why?"

"I will tell you, but not now—I am too weak. Hold my hands fast. Let me see your dear face—oh, how dear!"

Meanwhile Obed Chute had stood thunderstruck. To account for this amazing scene was so utterly impossible that he did not even attempt it. That was beyond the reach of human capacity. But he noted all that holy tenderness, and that unfathomable love which beamed from that wan, worn face, and he felt that this was not a scene for other eyes. He went softly over to Zillah, who had stood motionless hitherto, and, taking her hand, he led her solemnly out of the room.

They went into another apartment, and sat there in silence. Zillah was so filled with amazement that it overwhelmed her.

She had seen Mrs. Hart's joy. She had heard her give to Windham the name of "Guy." She had heard him call her those tender, well-known names—the fond names with which the letters of Guy Molyneux used always to be filled. What did all this mean?

Was this a dream or a reality? Could there, indeed, be truth in this scene? Could this be possibly what it seemed to be? Was Windham Guy Molyneux?

The question was too bewildering. A thousand circumstances at once suggested themselves as that question arose. All the past came back before her, with the scenes and the words of the past. She remembered now Windham's saying that he was married, and that he hated his wife. What did this mean? Did this not coincide with what she knew of Guy Molyneux? And what was to be the end of all this? Her brain reeled at the thoughts that came to her as she asked herself this question.

Meanwhile Obed had been sitting in a bewilderment equal to hers, and keeping a silence that was hard to maintain. At length he could restrain his feelings no longer.

"Can you tell," he asked, at length—"can you imagine, Miss Lorton—have you the remotest idea of the meaning of all this?"

"I don't know," said Zillah; "I don't understand; I can't even imagine."

"And I'm—well," interposed Obed, with a blank look of despair, "the English language does not afford a word, not one single word, that can express the idea!"

"Do you know Mrs. Hart?" said Zillah. "Of course you do."

"Mrs. Hart?" asked Obed, in momentary surprise.

"Yes—her."

"Mrs. Hart? Oh, I see. Yes, I knew her many years ago. This afternoon I found her in Florence. I brought her out here. She told me that she had come here in search of a friend; but the very last person that I should have guessed at as that friend would have been Windham. And yet he was the man—the identical individual. But did you ever see such joy," he continued, after a pause, "as there was in her face at her first sight of him? Well, when I met her she was in as deep a despair. She was crouching on the steps of the Baptistry, looking with eager eyes—hungry eyes—to find some one. And all this time it was Windham. She had spent all her money; she had been turned out of her lodgings; she had neither food nor shelter. For two or three days she had not eaten anything. When I happened by the merest accident to find her, do you know what she was doing? She was dying of starvation, but still she was looking for Windham! And I solemnly believe that if I had not found her she would be there at this moment. Yes, she would be sitting there in misery, in want, and in starvation, still looking after Windham. I saw this, and ask who is this Windham, and what is he to her?"

And thus to each of these alike there came the same problem, yet to each there came no hope of solution.

CHAPTER LV.

DESPAIR.

The time seemed long indeed to Obed and to Zillah, as they sat there in silence, wondering, bewildered, yet utterly unable to fathom the deep mystery that lay before them. Half an hour elapsed; and at last, some one crossed the hall and came to the door. It was Lord Chetwynde. He looked troubled and excited.

"Miss Lorton," said he, "she wants *you*. I don't understand what she says. It is very strange. She must be out of her senses. Come in, Mr. Chute. See if you can help me out of my bewilderment."

He offered his arm to Zillah, but she did not take it. It seemed as if she did not see it. Filled with vague fears and apprehensions, she walked into the room where Mrs. Hart was, and Lord Chetwynde and Obed Chute came after her.

Mrs. Hart was lying upon the sofa. As Zillah entered she fixed her eyes upon her.

"I have been too selfish," said she. "In my joy at finding my boy so unexpectedly and so wonderfully, I have not been able to speak one word to my sweet girl. Oh, Zillah, my child, you, I know, will forgive me. But are you not amazed to see me? Yet I am still more amazed to see you. How did you come here? How is it that I find you *here*—along with my noble friend—in his house? I am all overcome with wonder. My child," she continued, "dear sweet Zillah! you will have to tell me all about this. Why was it that you fled away from Chetwynde? And oh! how could you have the heart to give me up to strangers?"

Amazed, speechless, overcome by wonder, Zillah could not say a word. She went to Mrs. Hart, folded her in her arms, and kissed over and over again the white lips of the woman who had once been dear to her in Chetwynde Castle.

"I do not understand it," said Mrs. Hart, feebly, and with an expression of deep amazement; "I do not comprehend all this at all. Here you all are, all of you whom I love—the only ones on earth whom I love. What is the meaning of it all? My boy cannot tell me. Say, whose plan is it? Is it your plan? Who has brought us altogether?"

"It is God," said Zillah, solemnly. "I do not understand how you came here. Let us thank God that you have found your friends."

She spoke at random; she knew not what to say. In her own dark perplexity she was unable to say anything else; and when she saw that Mrs. Hart was equally perplexed, and turned to her for information, she could only find an answer in those words which were prompted by her heart. So she spoke, and she could say no more.

Nor could the others. All were silent. That white face looked wistfully from one to the other, with eager eyes, as though seeking from each some explanation; but none could give her that which she sought. In the faces that surrounded her she saw nothing else but a wonder which was fully equal to her own.

Obed Chute had now a fresh cause for bewilderment. For here was Zillah claimed fondly as a dear and loved friend by Mrs. Hart. Who was she? Was her mysterious story bound up in any way with the tragical life of the other who thus claimed her? He had been sufficiently astonished at the meeting between the woman whom he had rescued and his friend Windham; but now he saw his protégée, Miss Lorton, recognised by her as her dearest friend, and called by the most loving names—with an affection, too, which was fully returned by the one whom she thus addressed.

But if Obed's bewilderment was great, what can be said of that which filled the mind of Lord Chetwynde? He saw his old nurse, whom he so deeply and even so passionately loved, turning away from himself to clasp in her arms, and to greet with the fondest affection, that beautiful girl who was dearer to him than any thing else in life. Mrs. Hart knew Miss Lorton! Above all, he was struck by the name which she gave her. She called her "Zillah!" More than this, she mentioned Chetwynde! She reproached this girl for running away from Chetwynde Castle! And to all this Miss Lorton said nothing, but accepted these fond reproaches in such a way that she made it seem as though she herself must once in very deed have lived in Chetwynde Castle and fled from it. Mrs. Hart called her "Zillah!" To whom did that strange name belong? To one, and to one alone. That one was the daughter of General Pomeroy whom he had married, and who was now his wife. Had he not seen that wife of his a thousand times? Had he not associated with her at Chetwynde Castle, at Lausanne, on the road, and in Florence? What madness, what mockery was this? It would seem as though Mrs. Hart had mistaken Miss Lorton for her who stood between him and his love. But how could such a mistake be made? True, the complexion of each was dark, and the hair of each was black, and the forms and figures were not unlike; but the features were widely different. Could Mrs. Hart be in a delirium? She must be mad! But then the worst of it was, that if she were mad Miss Lorton must be mad also.

"Where am I?" said Mrs. Hart, rousing herself, and breaking in upon Lord Chetwynde's thoughts. "How is it that I find myself among those whom I hold most dear? Oh, my old friend! my saviour! my benefactor! tell me."

At last Obed Chute spoke: "My friends," said he, "it's been my lot and my privilege to attend the theatre in my youthful days, and I've often seen what they call *situations;* but of all the unparalleled situations that were ever put upon the boards, from '76 down to '59, I'll pledge any word this is the greatest, the grandest, and the most bewildering. I give up. Henceforth Obed Chute exists no longer. He is dead. *Hic jacet. In memoriam. E pluribus unum.* You may be Mr. Windham, and you, my child, may be Miss Lorton, or you may not. You may be somebody else. We may all be somebody else. I'm somebody else. I'll be hanged if I'm myself. To my dying day I don't expect to understand this. Don't try to explain it, I beg. If you do I shall go mad. The only thing I do understand just now is this, that our friend Mrs. Hart is very weak, and needs rest, and rest she shall accordingly have. Come," he continued, turning to her; "you will have time to-morrow to see them again. Take a little rest now. You have called me your friend several times to-day. I claim a friend's privilege. You must lie down by yourself, if it's only for half an hour. Don't refuse me. I'd do as much for you."

Obed's manner showed that same tender compassion which he had already evinced. Mrs. Hart complied with his request. She rose and took his arm.

"Tell me one thing plainly," said Obed, as Mrs. Hart stood up. "Who are these? Is not this Mr. Windham, and is not this Miss Lorton? If not, who are they? That's fair, I think. I don't want to be in the dark amidst such universal light."

"Is it possible that you don't know?" said Mrs. Hart, wonderingly. "Why should they conceal it from you? These are my dearest children—the ones dear to my heart. Oh, my friend, *you* will understand me. This is Lord Chetwynde, *son of the Earl of Chetwynde*, and this girl is Zillah, daughter of Neville Pomeroy—Lady Chetwynde—his wife."

"Is this so, or are you mad, and are they mad?" exclaimed Obed Chute, with visible excitement.

"I do not know what you mean," said Mrs. Hart. "I have spoken the truth. It is so."

Obed said not another word, but led her out of the room, with his strong brain in a state of bewilderment greater than ever, and surpassing anything he had known before.

Lord Chetwynde was left alone with Zillah, holding her hand, to which he still clung—though Zillah, in her deep embarrassment, tried to withdraw it—and looking at her with eagerness, yet perplexity.

"Do you understand this? What is the meaning of it all?" he asked.

"I don't know," stammered Zillah, in confusion. "Don't you know?"

"It's a mockery. It's her delirium," cried Lord Chetwynde, passionately. "But oh! my dearest friend, something must be true; at least you knew her before?"

"Yes," said Zillah.

"Where?" cried Lord Chetwynde.

"At Chetwynde Castle," said Zillah, faintly.

"At Chetwynde Castle?"

"Yes."

"Chetwynde Castle? What is this? Can it be a mockery? What does it all mean? You! you! You of all others! *You* can never deceive me," he cried, in piercing tones. "Tell me, and tell me truly, what were you doing in Chetwynde Castle?"

"Living there," said Zillah. "I lived there for years, till the Earl died, and then I left, for certain reasons."

"Great God! What is it that you are saying?" He gasped for breath.

"Only the truth," said Zillah.

Lord Chetwynde held her hand still; his eyes seemed to devour her in the intensity of their gaze. A thousand bewildering questions were in his mind. What! Was not his wife even now in Florence? Was he not familiar with her face? What did this mean? What utter

mockery was this! Yet every word of Zillah's went to corroborate the words of Mrs. Hart.

As for Zillah, she saw his embarrassment, but interpreted it falsely. "He is beginning to think," she thought, "that I am the one to whom he was married. His old hate and abhorrence are returning. He is afraid to make himself sure of it. He esteems Miss Lorton, but hates the daughter of General Pomeroy. When he finds out who I am he will loathe *me*." Then, while Lord Chetwynde stood silent in astonishment and bewilderment, not understanding how it was possible for these things to be, the thought flashed upon her mind about that last letter. He had loved another. Inez Cameron was his true love. She herself was nothing. Bitterly came this remembrance to her mind. She saw herself now cast out from his heart, and the love that had awakened would die out for ever. And in that moment, as these thoughts rushed through her mind, as she recalled the words of that last letter, the scorn and insults that were heaped upon herself, and, above all, the fervent love that was expressed for another—as she brought these things back which had once been so bitter, one by one—hope departed, and despair settled over her heart.

But Lord Chetwynde clung to her hand. The thoughts of his heart were widely different from those of hers, and her despair was exceeded by his own. Who she was and what she was he could not understand; but the thought that he had a wife, and that his wife was General Pomeroy's daughter, was immovable in his mind.

"My darling!" he cried, in imploring tones, in which there was at the same time a world of love and tenderness; "you know well that for you I would give up all my life and all my hope, and everything that I have. In the name of God, and by all your hopes of heaven, I implore you to answer me truly this one question. Who are you? What is your name? How is it that Mrs. Hart has made this mistake?"

And as Lord Chetwynde gave utterance to this appeal there was in his voice an anguish of entreaty, as though his very life hung upon her answer. It thrilled to the inmost soul of Zillah, who herself was wrought up in an excitement which was equal to his, if not superior.

"Mrs. Hart has made no mistake," replied Zillah, in low, solemn tones; "she has spoken the truth. As you have asked, so must I answer. In the name of God, then, I tell you, Lord Chetwynde, that I am Zillah, daughter of General Pomeroy, and—*your wife!*"

"Great Heaven!" cried Lord Chetwynde, with a deep groan.

He dropped her hand. He staggered back, and looked at her with a face in which there was nothing else than horror.

What was then in his mind Zillah could not possibly know. She therefore interpreted that look of his from her own knowledge and suspicions only. She read in it only his invincible aversion to her, which now, at the mention of her true name, had revived in all its original force, and destroyed utterly the love and tenderness which he had shown. All was lost! lost! lost! Better far never to have seen him than, having seen him and known him and loved him, to lose him thus. Such were her thoughts. Already her emotion had been overwhelming: this was the last, and it was too much. With a low moan of entreaty and of despair she threw up her arms and sank down senseless at his feet.

(To be continued.)

A TRUE WOMAN.

HER name shines not in bannered field,
Where Right and Wrong so boldly war;
Nor rings her voice in any cause
Which men and women battle for;
Yet in her presence, subtle, sweet,
You long to kneel and kiss her feet.

No wondrous romance wreathes her life;
Nor hath she led a martyr train;
Nor beautiful nor rich is she,
But poor—and some would call her plain;
Yet in her two dear eyes you see
A beauty shining constantly.

No silken robe enfolds her form;
No dainty leisure hath her hands;
Her jewels are a single ring;
A ribbon binds her hair's smooth bands;
Yet in her garments' simple grace
Her soul's regality you trace.

She walks in humble ways of life
That lead ofttimes through gloom and shade;
And cares and crosses not a few
Are on her patient shoulders laid,
Yet smiles and drinks the bitter cup,
And keeps her brave eyes lifted up.

And homely ways she wreathes with grace,
Harsh duty turns to loving zest;
And cheery hope and steadfast will
Are at her side in work and rest;
Yet never dreams she you can spy
The angel looking from her eye.

Almost a Ghost.

By MRS. W. A. THOMPSON,

Author of "Two Letters," "Sue and I," &c.

PART II.

I HAD a reason for this silence. My twin-sister, my other half before I knew Frank, had been for three long years pacing up and down a narrow room, wringing her hands and making perpetual moan over woes which had no existence except in her own mind, while even the "sweet light of heaven" came to her through grated windows. The change in her from a light-hearted girl to a raving maniac had been sudden as death. *I* might be going to the same spot by a longer route. Or was it the dread of seeing Frank's careless trust in my common-sense changed to suspicion and watchfulness that sealed my lips to him?

I began to listen stealthily when there was talk of spiritual manifestations, of the fulfilment of warnings, and other spectral subjects. If invisible hands had sought mine, or fantastic tricks had been played with the furniture, such as spiritualists do solemnly swear to, it would have been actual relief from the suspense I suffered in my constant watch for the second appearance of that drowned face. I strove valiantly to be cheerful as ever in Frank's presence, and I came to think that it must be easier to play the tragic parts than the comic ones on any stage. It would be certainly a more merciful dispensation to lose one's reason at a blow than to feel one's wits go wool-gathering slowly.

. . . . . .

Frank had not taken me to wife with his eyes shut to our family misfortune. He thought he loved me, and said so without reserve on very short acquaintance, and I had a moral certainty that I loved him almost at sight. These two grounds for our engagement seemed ample to my short-sighted parents, but not so to the maiden aunt who lived with us, for our sins, half of every year.

If Aunt Cassandra (she could never have been young enough to be called Cassie) had a mission, it was to roughen the course of true love whenever it was disposed to run smoothly across her track. The half of my happiness had not been told her before it jarred upon her stern sense of duty.

"And you mean to tell me that you have exacted a promise of marriage from this infatuated young man, when he is wholly in the dark about Caroline's condition?"

"It was to me he proposed: it never occurred to me that he wanted to marry both of us," I said with the boldness of a newly-engaged person.

"This is no time for levity," said my aunt (if there ever was a time for levity with her, it did not come while I knew her). "When insanity once breaks out in a family, it will run through every generation afterwards."

"I don't know how you can be sure of that, unless you live till the world comes to an end."

"What *has* proved true in the past will be true again."

"You mean what Emerson says, only he packs it a little closer: 'What is true anywhere is true everywhere.'"

"I say what I mean always."

"I wish Emerson did. It would save his admirers a deal of brain-bother."

"Adelaide," said my aunt (and I ought to give a whole page to the word to do justice to her tone; the name was in full dress, with a train to it, as it were), "do you love this young man?"

"He says so, and I hadn't the heart to contradict him."

"Doubtless he *thinks* he loves you, but almost any man will pause, sooner or later, before coming into a direct line with insanity."

"I should call it a parallel line, and parellel lines never come in contact. One is not usually descended from a sister, nor can one often inherit anything from her except it be her clothes."

My male ancestors have always laid shilling to shilling, and died in the odour of great possessions, and the female ones brought up large families in the fear of their neighbours, never making any greater change than that of the Vicar of Wakefield's wife, "from the blue bed to the brown."

"I was about to say," said Aunt Cassandra, as if she had only paused to listen to a fly buzzing in the window—"I was about to say, that if you do esteem this young man as you profess, you will best show it by letting him see the exact danger that he would incur in marrying you."

"But what is the danger? I'm a little in the dark myself as to its front."

"That you may become insane, or at least entail the curse upon his children."

"Oh, auntie! When his mind has only begun to stretch to the idea of a wife, would you have me talk to him of his children? There may be a host of them waiting in some other planet to transmigrate into this (I confess to tender feelings towards them already), but I will take fourscore years of lonely living, and have my maiden name on my tombstone at last, rather than remind him of his possible children."

"Your life with him can never be happy if you begin by shrinking from duty;" and, having fired her last gun, my aunt retired in the smoke of it.

I had dared to open fire upon her for the first time, because I felt that my "free papers" were made out, albeit not yet signed and delivered. My guns being small, I could load them the oftener, but it is the heavy broadsides that tell in the long fight. She ought to have been painted as that tremendous woman who brought the Sibylline books to the emperor, and burnt them at intervals till she had convinced him of their value.

I laughed at her oracles, but they convinced me; and, more than anything else, her persistent translation of the familiar Frank, which we all used, into "that young man," seemed to remove him to an incalculable distance, and shed a judicial light on my treatment of him.

I concluded at last to submit the case to my conscience keeper, the meek, fair little mother, who was as inflexible as Aunt Cassandra where the right was concerned, and soft as clay in the hands of the potter in all other matters. My aunt was such a determined potter with all the human nature that lay about her that she would have reduced Carrie and me also to our lowest terms and stamped us with her own mark if we had not inherited one or two stiff-necked traits from her side of the house. When she annually resumed the reins after our six months' interregnum of lawless comfort, my mother retreated to her own chamber for many hours in every day, and there sat (figuratively) under her own vine and fig-tree.

When I sought her out with my trouble, the pure womanly atmosphere that always surrounded her soothed me before I said a word.

"Aunt Cassandra has been setting my sins in order before me before her trunk is unpacked. It is *omission* this time. She thinks I have no right to marry 'that young man' without telling him all about Carrie."

"Certainly you had better not have any secrets from him. You can let the telling come about naturally."

"Nothing ever comes about naturally with me. The ice never thaws at the right minute. I always have to break it with a great crack."

"Perhaps she thinks you ought not to have been thinking of love-making just now."

"I should say it was the time of all others to seize what little comfort there was left in life for us."

"But you are not a 'superior woman,' you know," said mother, with a smile.

"No more are you, little mother. I am so glad! One house could never hold two of them; but I kick against the pricks that Aunt Cassandra sets up, and you never do."

"My dear, we agree perfectly in the great things; and in the little ones, if it pleases her to put the tassels into bags and to have a separate duster for every room, what does it matter! It will be all the same a hundred years hence. I made up my mind to give up my own way in all the little matters the first time that I saw her iron out her shoe-strings."

"When was that?" I asked, perceiving that it had been an era in the family history.

"Very soon after I was married; Cassandra was a 'superior woman' even then. She was engaged to marry a man every way desirable, and really loved him heartily; only she did show it in a way to dishearten most men. Three times she made ready for the marriage, and every time the poor fellow's heart failed him, and he asked for more time. Then she released him from the engagement, and sent back, unopened, two or three letters that came afterwards. If her heart bled inwardly, she went on her way and made no sign; only her face settled into the rocky look it wears now, and she has given all her energies to the fighting of my battles."

"Only to think that there should be a man of such metal as even to propose to her! Walking up to a cannon's mouth is nothing to it.

'Arms and the man I sing.'"

"I thought her story might soften your heart towards her."

"So it does, but a husband would be as superfluous to her as rings on her fingers or bells on her toes. In his company she would always have looked uncomfortably overdressed."

"You have never known trouble of your own: that is the only thing that teaches us how to weep with them that weep. It is easy to bear the pinch of other people's shoes," said mother, with a mild reproach in her tone. She was unconsciously poaching on the cynicism of Dean Swift: "We have always fortitude for other people's trials." His was a bon-mot: hers a good word.

"So," said Aunt Cassandra, coming in upon us suddenly (and with that one word it was as if she had joined us like the two ends of a battery, and given us a healthy little shock for the quickening of our circulation), "I suppose you are coaxing your mother into saying I'm wrong about that matter?"

"Mother," I said, desperately, "do you—do you think it might break off our engagement if I told him?"

Mother shook her head slightly by way of a telegram, while Aunt Cassandra was fiercely digging out a grain or two of dust which had found asylum under one of the lounge-buttons.

"He ought to consider his children," she said.

"I did not know he had any," said mother, with a gentle irony, and my aunt actually blushed. The phenomenon was so tremendous that I fled from the consequences.

Before Frank came in the evening I had made up my mind to take our skeleton out of its closet and show him every joint of it. If I were not a superior woman, I had at least sat at the feet of one all my life, and I would not be outdone in heroism. I did not mean to dally with it, either; and when I went into the sitting-room to see him (Aunt Cassandra had let him in) I felt as if I had formed myself into the military figure known as the solid square.

Frank would have had me sit by him on the sofa, but I palisaded myself in an easy-chair and looked at him over the arm.

"I have something to tell you," I said, following the mental programme I had laid out, "which may—may make you feel a little differently towards me."

"Then, in the name of all that's pleasant, don't tell it!" and Frank came and perched himself on the arm of the chair, leaning his head down to mine in a way that was very destructive to heroism.

"But my aunt Cassandra thinks—I mean—I think I ought to do it."

"She ought to have been named Medusa: I felt myself turning stony when she opened the door to me, and the very furniture looks petrified."

"You may have supposed that I was an only child, Frank; but the truth is, I have a twin-sister, who has lately—"

"My poor little girl," interrupted Frank, laying his hand softly on my lips, "is that what weighs on your mind? Have you so little knowledge of human nature as to think that the good souls of this place would let me come here a-wooing without enlightening me on that point? The very first evening that I set foot in this town your sister's unaccountable seizure was dwelt upon at great length in my hearing, and your case was specially bewailed, because the speaker thought it would destroy for ever your prospects of marriage. I was curious to see you from that minute, and I had scarcely seen you twice before I knew, to a mathematical certainty, that one man wanted to marry you with all his heart and soul."

"Then it was 'the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it,' that moved you after all?" I don't know that Frank's reply to my last remark has ever been translated into words. "And if, after you have taken me for better or worse, it should prove to be all worse, after poor Carrie's fashion—"

"My darling," said Frank, taking my face between his two hands and looking solemnly into my eyes, "I would rather have you and your wits, while they last, than a lifetime with any other woman, if she were unruffled as Griselda."

How could I be heroic after that? I just gave up all further effort, and suffered myself to be as happy as the evening was long.

(To be continued.)

Celebrities of the Past.

III.—KARL RITTER.

KARL RITTER, the great German geographer, who died on the 28th September, 1859, acquired a world-wide reputation as the founder of a new epoch in the history of the science by his grand works on comparative geography. Ritter was born August 7, 1779, in Quedlinburg, in Prussia, studied in Halle, was nominated, in 1820, Professor Extraordinarius of Geography at Berlin University, and subsequently Director of Studies of the Military School. It is, however, by his many learned works, which still remain the highest text-books on the subjects he has treated, that he will be principally remembered, and foremost amongst them must be placed his "Geography Considered in its Relation to Nature and the History of Man," two valuable volumes published as early as 1818.

Spanish Women of the Period.*

FROM NOTES BY JOHN HAY.

NOWHERE is the sentiment of home stronger than in Spain. Strangers, whose ideas of the Spanish character have been gained from romance and comedy, are apt to note with some surprise the strength and prevalence of the domestic affections. But a moment's reflection shows us that nothing is more natural. It is the result of all their history. The old Celtic population had scarcely any religion but that of the family. The Goths brought in the pure Teutonic regard for women and marriage. The Moors were distinguished by the patriarchal structure of their society. The Spaniards have thus learned the lesson of home in the school of history and tradition. The intense feeling of individuality, which so strongly marks the Spanish character, and which in the political world is so fatal an element of strife and obstruction, favours this peculiar domesticity.

This is the rule. I do not mean to say there are no exceptions. The pride and jealousy inherent in the race make family quarrels, when they do arise, the bitterest and the fiercest in the world.

A light word between husbands and wives sometimes goes unexplained, and the rift between them widens through life. I know some houses, where the wife enters at one door and the husband at another; where if they meet on the stairs, they do not salute each other. Under the same roof they have lived for years and have not spoken. One word would heal all discord, and that word will never be spoken by either. They cannot be divorced,—the Church is inexorable. They will not incur the scandal of a public separation. So they pass lives of lonely isolation in adjoining apartments, both thinking rather better of each other and of themselves for this devilish persistence.

An infraction of parental discipline is never forgiven. I knew a general whose daughter fell in love with his adjutant, a clever and amiable young officer. He had positively no objection to the suitor, but was surprised that there should be any love-making in his house without his previous suggestion. He refused his consent, and the young people were married without it. The father and son-in-law went off on a campaign, fought and were wounded in the same battle. The general was asked to recommend his son-in-law for promotion. "I have no son-in-law!" "I mean your daughter's husband." "I have no daughter." "I refer to Lieutenant Don Fulano de Tal. He is a good officer. He distinguished himself greatly in the recent affair." "Ah! otro cosa!" said the grim father-in law. His hate could not overcome his sense of justice. The youth got his promotion, but his general will not recognise him at the club.

It is in the middle and lower classes that the most perfect pictures of the true Spanish family are to be found. The aristocracy is more or less infected with the contagion of Continental manners and morals. You will find there the usual proportion of wives who despise their husbands, and men who neglect their wives, and children who do not honour their parents.

Passing at noon by any of the squares or shady places of Madrid, you will see dozens of labouring people at their meals. They sit on the ground, around the steaming and savoury *cocido* that forms the peasant Spaniard's unvaried dinner. The foundation is of *garbanzos*, the large chick pea of the country, brought originally to Europe by the Carthaginians—the Roman *cicer*, which gave its name to the greatest of the Latin orators. All other available vegetables are thrown in; on days of high gala a piece of meat is added, and some forehanded housewives attain the climax of luxury by flavouring the compound with a link of sausage. The mother brings the dinner and her tawny brood of nestlings. A shady spot is selected for the feast. The father dips his wooden spoon first into the vapoury bowl, and mother and babes follow with grave decorum. Idle loungers passing these patriarchal groups, on their way to a vapid French breakfast at a restaurant, catch the fragrance of the *olla* and the chatter of the family, and envy the dinner of herbs with love.

There is no people so frugal. Madrid is one of the dearest capitals in Europe. Foreigners are never weary decrying its high prices for poor fare; but Castilians live in good houses, dress well, receive their intimate friends and hold their own with the best in the promenade, upon incomes that would seem penury to any other people.

It is the smallness of incomes and the necessity of looking sharply to the means of life that makes the young people of Madrid so prudent in their love affairs. I know of no place where ugly heiresses are such belles, and where young men with handsome incomes are so universally esteemed by all who know them. The stars on the sleeves of young officers are more regarded than their dancing, and the red belt of a field officer is as winning in the eyes of beauty as a cestus of Venus. A subaltern offered his hand and heart to a black-eyed girl of Castile. She said kindly but firmly that the night was too cloudy. "What," said the stupefied lover, "the sky is full of stars." "I see but one," said the prudent beauty, her fine eyes resting pensively upon his cuff, where one lone luminary indicated his rank.

This spirit is really one of forethought, and not avarice. People who have enough for two almost always marry from inclination, and frequently take partners for life without a penny.

If men were never henpecked except by learned wives, Spain would be the place of all others for timid men to marry in. The girls are bright, vivacious, and naturally very clever, but they have scarcely any education whatever. They never know the difference between *b* and *v*. They throw themselves in orthography entirely upon your benevolence. They know a little music and a little French, but they have never crossed, even in a school-day excursion, the border-line of the ologies. They do not even read novels. They are regarded as injurious, and cannot be trusted to the daughters until mamma has read them. Mamma never has time to read them, and so they are condemned by default. Fernan Caballero, in one of her sleepy little romances, refers to this illiterate character of the Spanish ladies, and says it is their chief charm,—that a Christian woman, in good society, ought not to know anything beyond her cookery-book and her missal. There is an old proverb which coarsely conveys this idea: "A mule that whinnies and a woman that talks Latin never come to any good." There is a contented acquiescence in this moral servitude among Spaniards which would madden our modern woman's rights advocates.

It must be the innocence which springs from ignorance that induces an occasional coarseness of expression which surprises you in the conversation of those lovely young girls. They are all very pious in their way. They attend to their religious duties with the same interest which they displayed a few years before in dressing and undressing their dolls, and will display a few years later in putting the lessons they learned with their dolls to a more practical use.

The very names of the Spanish women are a constant reminder of their worship. They are all named out of the calendar of saints and virgin martyrs. A large majority are christened Mary; but as this sacred name by much use has lost all distinctive meaning, some attribute, some especial invocation of the Virgin, is always coupled with it. The names of Dolores, Mercedes, Milagros, recall Our Lady of the Sorrows, of the Gifts, of the Miracles. I knew a hoydenish little gipsy who bore the tearful name of Lagrimas. The most appropriate name I heard for these large-eyed, soft-voiced beauties was Peligros, Our Lady of Dangers. Who could resist the comforting assurance of "Consuelo?" "Blessed," says my Lord Lytton, "is woman who consoles." What an image of maiden purity goes with the name of Nieves, the Virgin of the Snows. From a single cotillion of Castillian girls you can construct the whole history of Our Lady—Conception, Annunciation, Sorrows, Solitude, Assumption. As young ladies are never called by their family names, but always by their baptismal appellations, you cannot pass an evening in a Spanish *tertulia* without being reminded of every stage in the life of the Immaculate Mother, from Bethlehem to Calvary, and beyond.

It is to be regretted that the Spanish women are kept in such systematic ignorance. They have a quicker and more active intelligence than the men. With a fair degree of education, much might be hoped from them in the intellectual development of the country. In society, you will at once be struck with the superiority of the women to their husbands and brothers in cleverness and appreciation. Among small tradesmen, the wife always comes to the rescue of her slow spouse, when she sees him befogged in a bargain. In the fields, you ask a peasant some question about your journey. He will hesitate, and stammer, and end with "Quien sabe?" but his wife will answer with glib completeness all you want to know. I can imagine no cause for this, unless it be that the men cloud their brains all day with the fumes of tobacco, and the women do not.

The personality of the woman is not so entirely merged in that of the husband as among us. She retains her own baptismal and family name through life. If Miss Matilda Smith marries Mr. Jonathan Jones, all vestige of the former gentle being vanishes at once from the earth, and Mrs. Jonathan Jones alone remains. But in Spain she would become Mrs. Matilda Smith de Jones, and her eldest born would be called Don Juan Jones y Smith. You ask the name of a married lady in society, and you hear as often her own as that of her husband.

KARL RITTER.

The custom of burying the dead in the gown and cowl of monks has greatly passed into disuse. The mortal relics are treated with growing contempt, as the superstitions of the people gradually lose their concrete character. The soul is the important matter which the Church now looks to. So the cold clay is carted off to the cemetery with small ceremony. Even the coffins of the rich are jammed away into receptacles too small for them, and hastily plastered out of sight. The poor are carried off on trestles and huddled into their nameless graves, without following or blessing. Children are buried with some regard to the old Oriental customs. The coffin is of some gay and cheerful colour, pink or blue, and is carried open to the grave by four of the dead child's young companions, a fifth walking behind with the ribboned coffin-lid. I have often seen these touching little parties moving through the bustling streets, the peaceful little face asleep under the open sky, decked with the fading roses and withering lilies.

In all well-to-do families the house of death is deserted immediately after the funeral. The stricken ones retire to some other habitation, and there pass eight days in strict and inviolable seclusion. On the ninth day the great masses for the repose of the soul of the departed are said in the parish church, and all the friends of the family are expected to be present.

A luxury of grief, in those who can afford it, consists in shutting up the house where a death has taken place and never suffering it to be opened again. I once saw a beautiful house and wide garden thus abandoned in one of the most fashionable streets of Madrid. I inquired about it, and found it was formerly the residence of the Duke of ——. His wife had died there many years before, and since that day not a door nor a window had been opened. The garden-gates were red and rough with rust. Grass grew tall and rank in the gravelled walks. A thick lush undergrowth had overrun the flower-beds and the lawns. The blinds were rotting over the darkened windows. Luxuriant vines clambered over all the mossy doors. The stucco was peeling from the walls in great unwholesome blotches. Wild birds sang all day in the safe solitude. There was something impressive in this spot of mould and silence, lying there so green and implacable in the very heart of a great and noisy city. The Duke lived in Paris, leading the rattling life of a man of the world. He never would sell or let that Madrid house. Perhaps in his heart, also, that battered thoroughfare worn by the pattering boots of Mabille and the Bois, and the Quartier Bréda, there was a green spot sacred to memory and silence, where no footfall should ever light, where no living voice should ever be heard, shut out from the world and its cares and its pleasures, where through the gloom of dead days he could catch a glimpse of a white hand, a flash of a dark eye, the rustle of a trailing robe, and feel sweeping over him the old magic of love's young dream, softening his fancy to tender regret and his eyes to a happy mist,

> Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
> Before the useful trouble of the rain.

* See article on Italian Ladies in our number for Feb. 25.

An enterprising girl of twenty, living near Alton, Illinois, has contracted with her father to dig him a well, at 75 cents a-foot. It is reported that she was twenty feet under-ground at last accounts, and no less than three offers of marriage from delighted farmers had gone down that hole since it was commenced.

Home Employments and Embellishments.

LETTERS FOR LADIES ON OIL PAINTING.

No. I.

By Mrs. J. C. H.

BEFORE undertaking to do anything at oil painting, it is of course expected that the aspirant should have a pretty correct idea of sketching outlines, and a love for the art.

There are many persons who have a knowledge of drawing and have a desire to improve their latent talent for painting, who are debarred from doing so either on account of the expense or the inability to procure a competent teacher. These letters are intended for the benefit of such, and to give practical suggestions on the subject, so that a person may be able to begin and make some progress alone.

The materials necessary consist of colours, a palette and palette-knife, brushes, easel, rester, oil, varnish, and canvas. You can purchase a painter's box, containing a complete assortment of colours, brushes, and all the requisite articles; but if economy is to be considered, it is much cheaper to procure only what is strictly necessary.

There are three styles of brushes, hog's hair, badger, and sable. Hog's-hair tools are used principally in putting on the sky and backgrounds, and a badger-blender for blending and softening the tints in the same. Great care must be taken in using this brush to clean it immediately with warm soapsuds, for if it is allowed to remain any length of time uncleaned the ends of the brush become stiff, and it is spoiled for delicate softening.

The hog's-hair brushes are cleaned in the same way, rinsing in clear, cold water, and straightening the hairs out to dry. The sable brushes are cleaned with turpentine or oil, occasionally washing them with soap and water. If you do not wish to buy but one hog's-hair brush get a flat one half an inch in width; of sable you should have half-a-dozen, varying from the smallest size to a quarter of an inch. These may be either flat or round. I prefer the flat ones.

The drying-oil, that comes all ready prepared, is the best for mixing the colours, and megilp in tubes is essential sometimes for toning down; it dries very rapidly.

Any carpenter can make you an easel by copying the following directions: Take two pieces of board, six feet long, two inches wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick, join them at the top with a piece about four inches long and let the distance between the pieces at the bottom be two and a half feet; a brace can be put across far enough from the bottom to rest the feet on while sitting at the easel to paint. These pieces must be arranged with corresponding holes and two pegs, on which a board is placed for holding the picture; these can be moved up and down to suit the size of the canvas. At the back of the cross piece at the top of the easel is fastened, with a hinge, another piece, five and a half feet long, which answers as a support.

The rester is simply a round rod three feet in length, a little larger at one end than the other, and held in the left hand in such a manner as to rest and steady the right arm while painting.

Nothing is so good for painting on as canvas, which can be bought all ready prepared for use. If you cannot obtain it, take firm and strong unbleached muslin, fasten it tightly over your stretcher, and give it a coating of warm isinglass size, next a coat of paint, white, with a little yellow ochre mixed with it. When dry, rub with pumice-stone to make it perfectly smooth.

Now you are ready for your picture. For the first piece select a landscape with rather a clear sky, few if any figures, unless you have a particular talent for that style of drawing.

The first thing to be done, is to take a piece of white crayon and sketch the entire picture; when you are sure you have it correct, go over the marks lightly with a lead pencil and brush off the chalk. Now take your palette and arrange the colour you wish for the sky round the side farthest from you.

The colours used will depend upon the kind of sky you wish. If a sunset scene, take silver-white, Chinese vermilion, and Naples-yellow—be careful and not use too much vermilion. If a blue sky is preferred, substitute permanent blue for vermilion. In almost any picture three or four shades of the same colour are required in the sky; always put the brightest tints next to the horizon.

Having mixed the colours with the palette-knife and drying-oil to what you think the proper shade, take the hog's-hair brush and commence to lay the colours across the canvas, and proceed in this way, until the sky is covered; wipe the brush frequently on an old rag that you must have convenient, in order to keep each tint distinct, for you do not want to blend at all with this brush. Now take the badger-blender, and, holding it perpendicularly over the canvas, begin by tapping the brush up and down lightly, and soon you will be delighted to see how nicely the colours are blending together, leaving no trace whatever of where one colour stops and another begins. Great care must be taken to wipe this brush very often on the cloth, so as to keep the sky from being spotted.

It is necessary to go over the sky twice, and frequently it is much better to give it a third coat of paint. It is useless to put in the clouds until the last time the sky is painted. Some teachers advise that the sky should be dry before the clouds are touched, but light fleecy clouds can be made to look more natural, as though they were really floating along, by working them in while the paint is damp. In making clouds you cannot do better than study Nature and strive to copy her as nicely as possible.

Silver-white mixed with megilp is mostly used for clouds. In sunset scenes I have seen the clouds touched lightly with vermilion where the sun seemed to strike them directly with a very fine effect. In painting a very stormy sky, ivory black may be used with advantage.

The clouds in the sky may be made so beautiful as to give a fine expression to the whole picture. Of course practice is essential to success.

(To be continued.)

A Gossip about Shoes.

THE diverse significance of shoes among different nations and in different ages aptly typifies their salient characteristics. What a story of barbaric enmity is told in the custom of the ancient Egyptians of painting on the linen lining covering the sole of a shoe the figure of a captive, to indicate the pride of the victor in the abasement of his foe, and the crushing weight of the remorseless power that doomed the prisoner to a life of the most galling servitude! This is the story which modern criticism tells us of the kingly race that built the pyramids on human misery and degradation.

The visitor to the great museum at Berlin can see one of these Egyptian shoes, and look upon the picture of the captive, which, after the lapse of two thousand years, tells its pathetic story better than historian or novelist. Indeed, the shoe or sandal among many ancient nations was often used as a symbol of servitude. It was a mark of a servile condition among the Jews to bear or unloose the sandals of another, as is implied in the well-known words of John the Baptist; and the passage in the Psalms, "Over Edom? will I cast my shoe," signifies the subjection of that country.

It is pleasant to remember that sometimes the shoe had a higher significance, and that to take it off in public was an expression of that grief which forms a bond of union among the whole brotherhood of man. Religious feeling was also manifested in this way, not only by the Hebrew, but by the Egyptian and Mohammedan, who on entering their places of worship reverentially removed these coverings for the feet. This usage existed to some extent among the Romans, as appears from illustrations of their worship of Isis and Cybele. In Greece and Rome shoes were taken off before reclining at meals, and in England, as well as in some parts of America, the old shoe is still thrown for luck behind the bridal pair.

Among the Greeks and Romans the resources of luxury and taste were lavished on the shoe. The sandal, which was at first a piece of leather protecting the sole of the foot, to which it was secured by thongs, however adapted to the hard roads and stony deserts of the East, was unfitted for the use of persons who traversed swamps and thorny thickets. While the inhabitants of the oriental provinces of the empire still retain the sandal, which was suited to their requirements, the Romans gradually adopted a more complete and comfortable protection for the foot. The Athenian ladies and men of rank had previously worn shoes and slippers of elegant design and workmanship, and even in Sparta, where shoes were condemned as effeminate luxuries for use at home, they were largely manufactured to supply the demand abroad. The buskin or *cothurnus*, with which the tragic actor trod the Attic stage, was high-laced. And although the pride or love of singularity induced Cato and a few other philosophers to discard the shoe and walk barefoot, yet some sages were sensible enough to keep their feet free from dirt and danger.

The ladies, like their fair sisters of to-day, not content with the products of home manufacture, often wore shoes which were imported from neighbouring countries, and Sicyonian slippers were as favourite an ornament with the maid of Athens as the Paris boot with the London belle. Nor were the mysteries of high heels less familiar to the classic dames who walked by the Parthenon than to those gay votaries of pleasure who sauntered along the boulevard, where the beautiful church of the Madeleine recalls its Attic prototype. Short women then, as now, wore high heels and thick soles.

"BEG!"

But it was reserved for the Romans under the Empire to reach the height of luxurious extravagance in the ornamentation of covering for the feet. Juvenal, in allusion to the skill and labour required from the cobbler, advised him not to go beyond his last, and this expression of the satirist has passed into a proverb. But shoes among the Romans, whether adorned with patrician crescents or gold and silver plate, or made of coarser materials, were not in universal use. A large class was not permitted to wear them. These were the slaves, called *cretati*, from their dusty feet. And among the causes that overthrew the empire, slavery, with its concomitant evils, was the chief.

In vain was luxury lavished on the patrician buskin. The splendid, but unwieldly fabric of Roman greatness was destroyed by the shoeless slave. The northern hordes only completed the destruction which was begun at home. The sandalled Sybarites, whose effeminacy tarnished the old Roman reputation for warlike vigour, were no match for the booted barbarians, who, mounted on their fleet and sturdy horses, rode in upon the falling empire. It was the vessel of porcelain meeting the vessel of iron.

In the reign of Edward III, shoes took a religious turn. The designs for their ornamentation were borrowed from ecclesiastical decorative art. Strange as it may seem, the exquisite tracery and gorgeous colouring of great cathedral windows were reproduced with marvellous splendour in these coverings for the feet. From Dugdale's view of old St. Paul, in London, as it appeared before the great fire, it is evident that the exquisitely beautiful designs which adorn the royal shoes of that period, as depicted in contemporary paintings, were taken from the rose window in the transept of that venerable pile. A curious confirmation of this fact is afforded by Chaucer's description of the young priest Absalon in one of the Canterbury Tales, whom he quaintly pictures—

With Paules windowes corven on his *shoos*.

Who will say, in view of this poetic usage, that there are not sermons in shoes?

At the present day the shoe has to the common mind lost much of its romantic interest, yet many a clumsy and battered sole could tell a story surpassing in pathos the experience of Cinderella. Even her fairy slipper could not compare in beauty with the delicate products of the orient, with their rich embroidery of silver and gold, or with the sheeny satin and lustrous silk which encase the feet of Parisian beauty. Do not these fair but frail memorials teach us that the fashion of this world passeth away? Yes, there are sermons in shoes more pathetic than are uttered in the pulpit, and which he who runs may read.

* See also an article on the "Vagaries of Fashion in Shoes," in our number for January 28.

It is a fact, astonishing as it may seem, that the primrose is unknown in the United States. An English botanist at present residing at Boston is the authority for this assertion, and he has directed the "omission" to be made good by the forwarding to him of a basket of roots of that humble and homely plant. We hope it will cement the *entente cordiale* between our American off-spring and the real old and original primrose growers, the Great Britons.

Meetings, Lectures, & Addresses for Ladies.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

THE Rev. J. Allanson Picton, M.A., one of the members of the London School Board, delivered a lecture upon "The Rights of Children" to a large audience at St. Thomas's-square Chapel on Sunday afternoon last. The rev. gentleman dwelt upon the fatherhood of God, and man's relation to him, as showing the nature of the relation which the father bears to child; what God is to us we should be to our children, although in an infinitely less degree. He also pointed to the child as containing the germ of the man, hence the importance of the children being rightly trained. Every child has a right to be sustained in health and pleasure. All acknowledged this, although some made sad mistakes in the matter through want of judgment. He specially condemned the cartloads of sweetstuff which are sold to children as being most injurious to their health, and providing work for the doctors. He objected to the system of bringing children up on Dr. Johnson's system of boxing a boy's ears, upon the principle that if he does not deserve it now he is sure to do so the first moment your back is turned. He believed that children had far more right to the protection of the State than they at present obtained, and specially called attention to the failure in accomplishing their purpose of the Factory and Workshops Acts. He was grieved that mothers had to neglect their children to earn a living, and suggested whether oftentimes it would not be better to earn even a little less and attend to the children more, than for them to suffer as they do at present. Children have a right to love. Love is like the sunshine, and no life and beauty can exist without it; keep a plant from the light of the sun, and it becomes weak, droops, and dies. Don't keep the children on the shady side of you; don't keep the blinds down, but let the light of your love be constantly shining upon them. Be particular what language you use in the hearing of your children. He referred also to the terms often employed in anger by parents to their children. All children had a right to education. This, he believed, was the duty of the State as far as secular subjects were concerned, but he would leave the spiritual teaching entirely to the home and the Church, although he confessed in this view he stood in a minority. School education, however, could not supersede that of the home, nor take the responsibility off the parent. Children have a right to a religious education, not in this or that opinion or dogma, but in the inspiration of Faith, Hope, and Charity. He spoke of the blessings conferred upon the world by religion, and mentioned the child's right to be a partaker of this blessing. Children had a right to discipline—to learn to bend to circumstances and public opinion—a right to truth. He specially referred to the evil done to children in early years by their elders telling them tales of bogies and hobgoblins being in certain places, which the children find out to be false, and hence learn their first lesson in lying. Children should also be trained to instant obedience; they will then never need to be deceived or frightened into doing what is right, and in conclusion he observed that the most important of all children's rights was that of a good example—whatever you wish your children to be, be yourself.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

On Monday night a crowded public meeting, a large number of ladies being present, was held at Willis's-rooms, St. James's, in support of the Bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Dr. Brewer, M.P., occupied the chair, and was supported on the platform by Mr. T. Chambers, M.P., and some other members of Parliament. The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said he was pleased to see such a large number of ladies present to give their sanction to the proceedings. Mr. James Heywood, F.S.A., moved a resolution declaring that the law prohibiting a man from marrying the sister of his deceased wife was repealed by public opinion and had become obsolete, and pledging the meeting to support, by all legitimate means, the Bill now before Parliament for legalising such marriages. Mr. Carpenter seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously. Mr. Sapwell moved the next resolution, declaring that such marriages were not opposed to Scriptural law. The Rev. Dr. Roberts seconded the resolution, which was also carried. The Rev. Ll. D. Bevan, Independent minister, of Tottenham-court-road Chapel, moved the next resolution—"That petitions to the Houses of Lords and Commons in accordance with the above resolutions be adopted, and that an appeal be made to such of the bishops who formed the majority in the House of Lords which rejected the measure in 1870, respectfully praying them to withdraw their opposition." Mr. Chubb, churchwarden of Marylebone and chairman of the Marylebone Vestry, seconded the resolution, which was supported by Mr. Joseph Edge, who said that in the borough of Stoke-upon-Trent, where he resided, there were 200 men who had married their deceased wife's sisters, and in some cases three sisters. No happier families existed. The resolution was put and carried. Mr. Thomas Chambers, Q.C., M.P., who proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, stated that he had that day presented upwards of ninety petitions, seventy-six of which were from the metropolis; 3,000 of the signatures were those of women, the rest were those of men.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

The following meetings on this subject have recently been held in different parts of the country:—

LEICESTER.—On February 14, at the Temperance-hall, the Rev. A. F. Macdonald, M.A., delivered a lecture on Women's Education and Women's Suffrage. There was a good attendance, and a very eager discussion after the lecture.

THE POTTERIES.—Miss Craigen spoke in support of Women's Suffrage at a meeting at Burslem on Feb. 8; and at Kidsgrove, on Feb. 13.

WINDSOR.—A discussion on Women's Suffrage was held on the 9th February, at the Reform Association and Working Men's Institution. Mr. H. Turner opened the discussion, and a resolution was passed nearly unanimously that the admission of women householders to voting was desirable.

SCOTLAND.—Miss Taylour, of Belmont, Stranraer, has addressed public meetings, on the question of Women's Suffrage, at the following places: At Dumbarton, February 8, Provost Paul in the chair; at Greenock, February 9, Provost Morton in the chair; and at Rothesay, Feb. 17, ex-Provost Mackredy in the chair. At each of these meetings votes of thanks were enthusiastically accorded to Miss Taylour, and petitions in favour of the Women's Suffrage Bill unanimously adopttd.

CORNWALL.—At the instance of the London Society, Mrs. Ronniger gave lectures on Women's Suffrage in many towns in Cornwall. Her first lecture was in Helston, on February 7, at the Guildhall. Mr. N. F. Trengouse took the chair; the hall was crowded. On the 8th, Mrs. Ronniger addressed an equally crowded meeting at Bodmin, the Rev. W. Roberts being in the chair. At Launceston, on the 10th, she met with equal success. At Falmouth, on the 15th, in the Town-hall, which was crowded, Mr. Jacob Olier, J.P., took the chair, and a resolution pledging the meeting to support the views of our society. At all these meetings petitions to Parliament were numerously signed. At Liskeard, on the 16th, Mrs Ronniger also gave a well-attended lecture.

MONMOUTHSHIRE. — A committee has been formed in Monmouthshire for the purpose of obtaining suffrage for women householders. The committee consists of the following ladies and gentlemen, with power to add to their number: Lord Amberley, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Jones, Miss E. Jones, Mrs. Oakley, Miss Prosser, Miss Williams, Secretary: Lady Amberley, Ravenscroft, Chepstow.

Theatres and Amusements.

LYCEUM.—Italian Opera Buffa Company every evening.
DRURY-LANE.—Amy Robsart—(At Ten) The Dragon of Wantley. Seven.
HAYMARKET.—The Wolf and the Lamb—(At a Quarter to Eight) The Palace of Truth—Uncle's Will—Blue Devils. Seven.
ADELPHI.—That Rascal Jack—(At Half-past Seven) Deadman's Point—(At Ten) Our Female American Cousin. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—The Happy Man—(At Half-past Seven) The Man of the World and King o' Scots alternately—He's a Lunatic. Seven.
GAIETY.—Ballet—Wait and Hope—(At a Quarter-past Nine) Aladdin the Second. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Nell—Perfect Love. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—An Unhappy Pair—Two Thorns—Vesta. Seven.
STRAND.—In Three Volumes—Up in the World—Cœur de Lion. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Locked In—(At Eight) Ours. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—The Married Bachelor—(At a Quarter to Eight) The Streets of London—Miles's Boy. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—The Married Bachelor—(At Half-past Eight) Behind a Mask—Diamond Cut Diamond. Half-past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Chiselling—(At a Quarter to Eight) Two Roses—(At Ten) Elizabeth. Seven.
ROYAL CHARING-CROSS.—French Plays every evening. Eight.
ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Turn Him Out—Randall's Thumb—Doctor Davey. Seven.
SURREY.—Ruth—The Mariner's Compass. Seven.
NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—Germans and French—For Sale. Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—Lulu, the Eighth Wonder of the World. Equestrian and other Performances. Seven. Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—Christy Minstrels. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Three and Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

MARCH 12. SUNDAY.—*Third Sunday in Lent.*
13. Monday.—Last quarter moon, 10.19 P.M.
14. Tuesday.—Daybreak 4.25 A.M.
15. Wednesday.—Jupiter in Taurus.
16. Thursday.—Sun sets 6.4 P.M.
17. Friday.—Sun rises 6.12 A.M.
18. Saturday.—Princess Louise born, 1848.

Our Letter Basket.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER is published by E. Marlborough and Co. 4, Ave Maria-lane, E.C. It may also be obtained at the Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the General Office, 97, Fleet-street; single copies, post free, for 3½d.; three copies for 10d.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year	(post free)	15s. 0d
Half a Year	,,	7s. 8d
Quarter of a Year	,,	3s. 10d

Advertisements, and Communications intended for the Editor, should be sent to the General Office, 97, Fleet-street, E.C.

AGENT FOR FRENCH AND CONTINENTAL ADVERTISEMENTS.
Mr. Kinnear, 96, Rue de Lafayette, Paris.

*** *We have several new Songs, with Music, in type, besides Illustrated Articles on Novelties for Ladies, Wax-flowers, &c. A portrait of Matthias Barr will appear in our next number.*

E.R.—Admirable in sentiment, but scarcely up to our standard of publication as regards literary merit.

QUEEN OF SHEBA.—Try Rimmel's new preparation, "Photochrome." It may be obtained at any of his establishments, and probably of the chemists in your neighbourhood.

T. E. B. (Kensington).—At Mr. Helbronner's, 265, Regent-street, or Barnard's, Edgware-road.

J. R. M.—Black alpaca is an excellent material, though not especially stylish. You should trim it with pleatings of the same, or bias bands of the material or of corded silk of the same shade of black. Velvet does not look well on alpaca or cashmere, and satin trimmings are entirely out of fashion.

TULLE.—Tulle is the thinnest fabric you can get for your bridal veil. It is always used for this purpose, unless a fine lace shawl is draped for this one occasion as a veil. Do not wear your veil after the wedding-day, even at a party given in honour of your marriage. Tulle trimming on your lavender silk will be less expensive than lace, and also very stylish. Make pleated ruches on the tulle doubled, or else flat pleats all running one way. White crape is not so pretty for trimming, but coloured crapes trim coloured silks prettily.

MRS. R. T. L.—Flounces are still the fashion—that is, more dresses are trimmed with them than with anything else—yet bias velvet bands, and bands of the material, are preferred by many who have grown weary of ruffles. To be stylish, ruffles should be narrow and overlapping.

FLORENCE.—Get about twenty-five yards of the six-quarter iron barège for your two suits, or if only house dresses are required get twenty. Make with basques and demi-train. Trim your mother's with bias folds of the same, but use guipure lace and bias ruffles for yourself. Piqué and white muslin are pretty for a child's summer dresses. Make Gabrielles, and trim with embroidery and braiding.

P. J. H.—Simple white muslin dresses are so little worn just now that you will have to trim yours to make it look at all stylish. If you will put two or three ruffles on the skirt, making them overlap each other till they reach the knee, where a standing ruffle heads them, and then add an upper-skirt with a narrow ruffle or two round it, you will have a very pretty dress for a young girl. Wear a black velvet sash, shoulder-knots, and bows on the upper-skirt, with a rose in each bow.

MRS. E. C. W.—It is too early to give a reply to your question.

QUESTIONER.—The German Valenciennes is quite good enough for trimming a lady's apron, and is often used on Swiss muslin dresses.

L. B. S.—A tarlatan dress for a girl of sixteen should have from three to five narrow overlapping flounces, a long plain over-skirt looped with flowers, and a low-necked basque of the tarlatan laid plainly on white silk.

LADY'S OWN PAPER
OF THE COURT — FASHION — ELEGANCE — THE DRAWING ROOM — A FAMILY JOURNAL

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1871.

PARLIAMENTARY JOTTINGS FOR LADIES.

THE session is proving a very unpleasant one for the Government, and a not by any means profitable one, at least as regards needful social reforms, for the country at large; and this, in a great measure, on account of the interminable debates arising out of the policy pursued by Mr. Gladstone and his coadjutors during the war just ended. Still, amidst all this babel of tongues, time has been found for the consideration of one or two practical measures, bearing directly on the social well-being of England.

In the Commons on Wednesday last week the greater portion of the sitting was devoted to a revival of the annual discussion on the Burial Bill of Mr. Morgan, the object of which is to enable Dissenters to bury their dead in parish churchyards with their own religious services. The second reading was moved by the honourable and learned gentleman in an animated speech, in the course of which he enumerated the arguments in its favour, and stated that it was almost identical with the measure of last session. Believing legislation of the kind to be mischievous in its tendency, Colonel Barttelot moved that the Bill be read a second time that day six months, and found a seconder in Mr. Sackville; the last-named gentleman contending that, if passed into law, it would give Dissenters possession of the national churchyards. Many other speakers took part in the debate, and on a division the second reading was carried by 211 to 149, being a majority of 62.

In the Lords nothing of particular interest was brought forward, and the same remark applies to Thursday. In the Lower House, the whole of that evening was absorbed by a discussion of the Government proposal for a select committee to inquire into Irish difficulties.

On Friday Mr. R. Fowler called attention, in the Commons, to the affairs of South Africa, particularly to the country in which diamonds have recently been discovered, and moved that in the opinion of the House it was desirable that Her Majesty's Government should take steps to ascertain to what extent the confederation of the British possessions in South Africa and of the adjacent territories was practicable. This proposition he urged chiefly in the interests of the natives of South Africa, whose children were, he said, seized by the Boers and sold into slavery. The motion was, however, ultimately withdrawn. Sir R. Peel then directed attention to the fact of Lord Lyons, the English ambassador, having left the British inhabitants of Paris without a representative during the siege, when Mr. Gladstone said the blame, if any, belonged not to Lord Lyons but to the Government.

On Monday in the Upper House, the Marquis of Salisbury drew a gloomy picture of our foreign relations, which he avowed he could not regard with contentment; while in the Commons, in reply to Mr. Eykyn, Mr. Bruce made a statement that ladies especially will hail with delight in the present confused state of the cab laws, viz., that as recent experimental regulations with regard to cabs had not been encouraging, it was his intention to issue new regulations returning to the old system of charge—viz., 2s. per hour, and 6d. a mile for all descriptions of cabs.

Ireland and our war policy again occupied best part of Tuesday evening in both Houses. Subsequently, in the Commons, in committee of the whole House, the Chairman (at the instance of Mr. Cawley) obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Burials Act, and a motion by Mr. Torrens in favour of school drill and gymnastics in State-aided and rate-aided schools was briefly discussed and withdrawn.

AS a sequel to the Peace Ratifications, the German armies are now returning to their country as rapidly as circumstances will permit, and already there has been a foretaste at Berlin of the public rejoicing that will take place there when the King and the forces shall receive their "welcome home." Friday last, for instance, was kept as a fête-day at the Prussian capital, and victory was celebrated in all kinds of ways. Precisely at noon the Empress, accompanied by the Crown Princess and the Princesses Charles, Frederick Charles, and Louise, with the children of the Royal Family, appeared on the balcony of the Palace. The Royal ladies were escorted by all the generals in Berlin. When the cheers of the multitude below had subsided, Field-Marshal Wrangel advanced to the railing of the balcony and read his Majesty's telegram proclaiming the conclusion of peace. Hurrahs drowned the last words of the joyous message. The military band placed near the monument of Frederick the Great began to play a well-known chorale, the people uncovering and joining in the solemn strain. When the singing ceased, the Royal ladies, with the attendant generals, retired into the interior of the palace. Before the people had dispersed, the monster gun from Mont Valerien came slowly lumbering down the Linden. Repeated shouts welcomed its approach. It was covered with flags and garlands, and dragged with difficulty by sixteen horses. There was a rush to behold the terrific weapon which had hurled its grenades to the very neighbourhood of Versailles, and it was lodged in the arsenal, and will be finally placed at the back of the guard-house, beside the three monster guns taken from the French in 1814. At three o'clock all the bells of all the churches began ringing, and as darkness set in, the town was steeped in a flood of light. One of the most general illuminations that Berlin has ever seen turned night into day. Palace and cottage alike

contributed to brighten the scene. Even the lowly lanes in the suburbs would not be behindhand on this rare occasion, and the tallow candle of the widow flickered side by side with the gorgeous eagles and other devices of some neighbouring manufactory. Many public and private buildings were decorated with coloured lamps, gracefully marking the architectural lines, and shedding a romantic lustre over the gay spectacle. From the lofty tower of the Townhall red lights were flaming all night, which must have been visible for many miles around; and there were not a few transparencies, showing Germania keeping watch over the Rhine, and the King and the great captains of the campaign on resplendent canvas. Similiar festivities are reported from Dresden, Munich, Hamburg, Leipsic, Frankfort, Weimar, Breslau, Cologne, and many other cities. Everywhere there was a strong admixture of the religious element.

The acquittal last week of Mrs. Torpey, who took so active a part in the daring robbery of diamonds from Messrs. London and Ryder's assistant, has caused a good deal of indignation, and we think justly so, despite the "applause" with which the remarkable verdict was received in court. The fact is, it is high time our jury system was entirely remodelled. In breach of promise cases, however disreputable, it is a well-known fact that a "pretty face," albeit of the most designing minx, will carry nearly any amount of damages that may be asked, while a more deserving sister may scarcely clear expenses; and in criminal prosecutions the law is too often nullified by the same means. About the part which Mrs. Torpey played in the elaborately-contrived and desperately-executed crime no doubt exists, and to say that because she has nice hair and a delicate complexion, together with a pretty baby with sweet blue eyes, is any reason why her criminality should enjoy moral as well as legal impunity is a proposition which we recoil from arguing and which we can only reprobate. That Lady Audley should be the heroine of romance is bad enough, but that Martha Torpey should become the heroine of society is much worse. There is also another view of the case. As the *Times* not inaptly put it, Mrs. Torpey, as a being with equal rights, ought to have been beyond undue influence of control; yet it is found that it would be unjust to make her accountable for her proceedings. This plea may be admitted at present, but it certainly cannot be urged in future if marriage is to be transformed into a commercial partnership between two persons of similar rights and responsibilities in the eye of the law.

We referred a few weeks ago to some of the more interesting facts presented by the report of the Registrar-General for England, especially those bearing upon marriage, and now the fourteenth detailed annual report of the Registrar for Scotland is before us, and presents many curious particulars. We learn, for example, taking the year 1868 as fairly representative, that at every year of life excepting during the fourth year, and between ten and fifteen years of age, males were cut off at a higher rate than females. Even during the first year of life this greater mortality of the male was manifested; for of every thousand of each sex at that age, 157 boys died, but only 130 girls. Of all under five years of age, in every thousand of each sex 63·86 boys died, but only 57·41 girls; from twenty to thirty years of age 10·36 men died, but only 8·41 women; from forty to fifty years, 15·63 men died in every thousand, but only 12·29 women. Even between sixty and seventy years of age, in every thousand of each sex there died 45·15 males, but only 35·36 females; and at the extreme ages between eighty and ninety years, 190·24 males died, but only 179·32 females. To compensate for this greater waste of male life at all ages, there are born year after year 105 boys for every 100 girls, but the mortality among the boys is so much higher in early life, that by the time the eighteenth year is attained the numbers of the sexes are equalised, so that if all were to remain in Scotland, and to marry at that age, there would be exactly one man to every woman.

America is beyond doubt a wonderful country. Has it not the largest hotels, the biggest swindlers, and the most determined and obtrusive woman's rights advocates and petticoated stump-orators of the universe; and do not its merchants, starting often with only a few shillings in their pockets, reap in a few years, in the shoddy line, the most colossal of fortunes? But of all the wonderful or funny things peculiar to our transatlantic cousins, the funniest is surely the attempt which they make from time to time, while heartily abusing the exclusive social grades of the old country, to fabricate an aristocracy of their own, and report all its doings with a minuteness that completely eclipses even the records of our Court chronicle. Thus, the New York fashionable world has at length been blessed with an organ which must be exactly what it wants, from the publisher's statement, for, although *Our Society* has existed but three months, it has now the largest sale of any of the popular periodicals that overflow the news-stands. The matter is of the same varied, exciting kind which one meets with in an almanac or an auctioneer's catalogue, and did it not illustrate a peculiar social phase of the times, would have no meaning whatever. The large eight pages are devoted to little else than chronicling the comings and goings, dressings, visitings, and receivings of persons who never were heard of outside of their own little set. It is certainly exciting to be informed that "Miss St. John, of Brooklyn, has a walking suit of drab satin cloth making, with one deep flounce and two ruches upon the skirt;" that "Miss M'Kinley will soon return from Newark, Ohio, to her home at Wappinger Falls, after her very pleasant visit to her cousius;" that "Mrs. Philip Allen is a favourite society lady, and understands the art of entertaining her friends by elegant dinner parties." Young women, who are not in the least strong-minded, are willing, it appears, to have their trosseaux, with a list of the under-clothing down to the smallest article, spread out for the eyes of the million, in the pages of this wonderful journal. It would not surprise us if *Our Society* should make a special department of this sort, by instituting a kind of back-stairs familiarity with ladies' bureau drawers, through the aid of women reporters, who are rather plentiful in America.

Music and the Drama.

THEATRES, ETC.

GAIETY THEATRE.—*Wait and Hope* is at once the moral and the title of a new play by Mr. H. J. Byron, which was produced at this house last week. The story follows the fortunes of a variety of personages, who, however dissimilar in character, have this in common, that they one and all wait and hope. Patience is a virtue, and in that sense at least they are virtuous, though it sometimes happens that the object for which they wait and hope is anything rather than commendable.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—If the amount of applause bestowed upon a play might be taken to indicate the measure of its merit, Mr. James Albery's new drama, called *The Two Thorns*, which was brought out at this theatre on Saturday, might fairly pass for one of the best pieces ever produced. Never did play experience more rapturous reception, but, for our own part, we are reluctantly compelled to confess our inability to discern in the drama virtues and beauties of an order to justify the favour so lavishly bestowed. "Point de roses sans épines" is a proverb of not very comfortable significance, which loses nothing of its native asperity in the process of illustration to which it has been subjected on this occasion, the *Two Thorns* being by no means so pleasant to the eye or so grateful as the *Two Roses*, the charming little comedy by the same author now in course of representation at the Vaudeville Theatre. So crude and inartistic, indeed, is the present piece, as compared with its predecessor, that, disregarding dates, and judging the works solely with reference to style, one might have thought that, as in Nature so in art, the *Thorns* had come first, and that the *Roses* were the growth of a higher culture and a more varied experience. Anyhow, there can be no mistake about the *Two Roses* being the better play. Not that the newer piece is by any means destitute of merit; on the contrary, it contains many well-written passages, several well-conceived types of character, and one or two striking situations. Its main defeat is the want of a strong, lucid story, so treated in its primary design and its progressive development as to give harmony of structure and cumulative interest to the plot. As it is, mistiness broods over the successive scenes of the play like a fog over a landscape; and so little of dramatic purpose is there in the contrivance and conduct of the incidents that it is no easy matter to understand in what manner the drama can be held to vindicate its title. The dresses and appointments are unexceptionally elegant and costly, however, and Mr. W. Hann has furnished some well-painted views of scenery upon the now inevitable banks of the Thames.

MUSICAL, LITERARY & ART JOTTINGS.

HOLME LEE and Hamilton Aïdé have each a novel in the press.

One of our South London places of amusement announces a female vocalist under the name of Louise Lorne.

A musical fairy tale by Mr. W. T. Gilbert will be produced on Easter Monday at the Court Theatre. Mr. Randegger will supply the music.

The report of the death of Mdlle. Schneider has, at length, been contradicted on the best authority—that of the Grande Duchesse herself.

Mr. Boosey, in response to numerous applications, will give another morning concert of ballad music at St. James's Hall on the 20th instant.

Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne was buried in Kensal-green Cemetery on Saturday afternoon. The grave is but a few paces distant from the Leigh Hunt monument.

"A Concordance to the Poems and Sonnets of Shakespeare," compiled by Mrs. Horace Howard Furness, is announced from Philadelphia.

The death was announced on Tuesday morning of Mr. Sampson Low, jun., a member of the well-known publishing firm. He was forty-eight years of age.

A grand morning musical festival was given on Saturday, in the Alhambra Palace, in aid of the funds of the French Benevolent Society and the French Hospital and Dispensary, under distinguished patronage.

M. Raphael Felix, the able and energetic director of the French plays which met with so much success at the St. James's, and last year at the Princess's Theatre, has now engaged the Lyceum. He promises a most brilliant season. The stars of Paris are to pass in succession before us, supported by a most powerful company. The Lyceum will open on the 13th of April, and from that day till the 27th of July we are bid to look forward to a series of attractive performances, the programme of which will be published in a fortnight.

A people's edition of Mr. Thomas Carlyle's works will shortly be published. The new edition will come out in monthly 2s. volumes, small crown octavo, printed from the library volumes which have received Mr. Carlyle's latest revision.

Amongst the new works in course of preparation is "A Memoir of Daniel Maclise, R.A.," by W. Justin O'Driscoll, M.R.I.A., barrister-at-law. This volume will be illustrated with some woodcuts of unpublished sketches drawn by Mr. Maclise in letters to friends.

We learn from the *Musical Standard* that the cost of the flowers lavished by the operatic audience at St. Petersburg on the occasion of the late Patti demonstrations has been estimated at 12,000 francs. The "furia Russe," it has been remarked, has now quite superseded the "furia Italienne."

The literature of the war will be voluminous, and let us hope that much of it may have a title to permanent interest. Among volumes forthcoming are "A Journal of the Siege of Paris," by the Hon. O. Bingham, and "Lucie's Diary of the Siege of Strasbourg," by a Young Lady of Alsace.

Phebe Riley, the authoress of "Riley's Narrative," an account of captivity among the Arabs, illustrated by engravings—a book which stood in high favour sixty years ago, or more—died in Urbana last week, aged ninety-four years.

Three numbers of the *School Board Chronicle* have already appeared. In addition to a mass of useful matter for all interested in educational projects, the *Chronicle* publishes articles by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, and others.

A new picture by Teniers has been added to the National Gallery. This represents the artist and his wife in the garden of his chateau, and resembles in some important respects a picture by him now at the Royal Academy. It is a very desirable addition to the national collection.

Mr. Arthur Hall, of 25, Paternoster-row, writes to state that a lady, writing under the pseudonym of "Kay Spen," and who calls herself the author of "Mary Powel," is not the same lady as Miss Manning, the author of "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton," "More's Household," &c.

The *Sun*, after a flickering existence in latter years, has ceased to appear. It was started in 1792, and Pitt occasionally showed his hand in its columns. The *Morning Post*, dating from 1772, and the *Times*, from 1788, and the *Public Ledger*, are now the only daily newspapers in London whose careers began before the current century.

Among the works which have been prepared for the International Exhibition is a life-size portrait in oils of the late Charles Dickens, from the photographic studio of Mr. Mason, in Old Bond-street. It is a good likeness, enlarged from an admirable photograph, and exhibits that more thoughtful aspect of Mr. Dickens's face which has been least often insisted on in his portraits.

Intelligence has been received of the sudden death of Mr. Henry Blackett, of the firm of Hurst and Blackett, the well-known publishers, which took place at his residence, The Green, Ealing, on Tuesday morning. Mr. Blackett was in his forty-fifth year. He was seized suddenly on Sunday with an apoplectic fit, and died on Tuesday morning about seven o'clock.

Mr. Millais has four other pictures, in addition to that mentioned by us last week, in active preparation for the Academy. The first picture is a portrait of Mr. Grote, the historian, for the London University—life-size, or something over. Second, a somnambulist; a lady walking by the sea-shore—a candle in her hand. Third, a portrait of a lady, with a purple tapestry background, and coloured glass in the corner. Fourth, a remarkable example of the versatility of Mr. Millais's genius, a Loch in Fifeshire on a windy day.

Since the little mad gentleman in the black small-clothes declared his passion for Mrs. Nickleby by the medium of cucumbers and vegetable-marrows, we have not heard of any more eccentric mode of expressing admiration than was adopted by an individual who formed one of the audience at the Canterbury Theatre on a recent evening. Mr. Sothern and Mr. Sefton's London Company were performing *David Garrick*, the principal lady part in which was filled by Miss Roselle, a very graceful and pleasing young actress. Shortly before the curtain rose, a pretty little bouquet of snowdrops and green leaves was left at the stage-door, with a note addressed to Miss Roselle, couched in terms of admiration, but perfectly respectful and polite. The writer said he had come from Tunbridge Wells to see Miss Roselle act once more, and offered "the few first flowers of spring" for her acceptance, hoping she would wear them. There was nothing in this to create much surprise, such floral tributes to pretty and popular actresses being not uncommon. Miss Roselle wore the snowdrops in the opening act of the play, during the course of which a second note, this time written in pencil, but on the same kind of paper, was delivered at the stage-door. This epistle was more ardent, and induced a suspicion of the perfect sanity of the writer, which was turned into certainty by what followed. During the second act a third note found its way to the green-room, and this time the undisciplined feelings of the swain had found vent in poetry. The following verses were enclosed:—

"I'll dream of thee to-night, Roselle,
I'll dream of thee to-night;
Thy face will haunt my dreams, Roselle,
Though absent from my sight;
My love for thee no words can tell,
My own, my beautiful Roselle!

"F. R. M."

The writer said he was occupying a stall, the number of which he indicated. At the end of the play Miss Roselle found awaiting her a fourth letter with a parcel. The former contained a most enthusiastic declaration of ardent affection, referred to the writer's large properties in the West Indies, and solicited permission to present to her the accompanying example of the produce of an estate in Havana—the said "example" proving on examination to be an enormous piece of sugar-stick, literally *stick*, for it was upwards of two feet long, and fully an inch thick. The sender of this singular token said he was in mourning for his mother, and that however peculiar his conduct might appear he really was not mad, though false friends said he was. In a postscript he added that he was now going to purchase something which he hoped Miss Roselle would wear for his sake. In about a quarter of an hour a fifth letter was handed in, containing a soft parcel. When this was examined it proved to be a penny packet of egg-powder for making custards, and a statemant that he who placed this token at her fair feet was ready to die for her if necessary. By this time there was no room for doubt as to there being a lunatic among the audience.

Work-table.

Fig. 67.—FOOTSTOOL COVERED WITH CLOTH AND KNITTING.

This is a round footstool, 18 inches in diameter and 6½ inches in height; it is stuffed with horsehair and covered with coarse linen, round the edges ornamented with knitted border, and over the top a covering of scarlet cloth. The knitted border is worked as follows: Make a chain of dark red wool long enough to reach round the stool at 3½ inches from the outer edge; take up the loops of the chain on a wooden knitting-pin, and work the 1st row, slip the 1st stitch, place a 2-inch netting mesh behind it, take up the next stitch and pass the thread over the needle, then round the mesh, again over the needle, round the mesh, and again over the needle, and draw out the three threads on the needle. This forms one loop-stitch; repeat this to the end of the row, knitting off the last stitch plain. Without taking the mesh out, turn the work, and knit the 2nd row plain, draw out the mesh, repeat these two rows till the border is finished, increasing at regular intervals in the return rows till the work is large enough to reach round the outer edge of the cushion. The light spots are put in by taking up the light red shade of wool at certain distances and passing the dark wool behind. Sew the ends of the border together, and fasten it over the edge of the cushion; cover the bottom with black American cloth. For the top cut a round piece of scarlet cloth, 14 inches in diameter, and cut out the edge into 10 equal scallops, which should be pinked at the edge; lay this over the cushion, putting a thin pad underneath. Then sew this cover on in the middle with strong thread, drawing it in so as to form a hollow, and pass a thick red cord, with a tassel at the end, from the centre to the edge of the cloth, marking out the ten divisions, and sew on a loop of cord in the middle of the cushion.

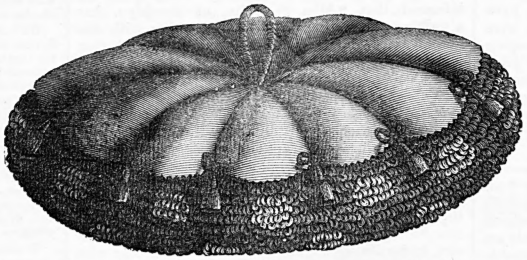


Fig. 67.—FOOTSTOOL COVERED WITH CLOTH AND KNITTING.

The Latest Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION ILLUSTRATIONS.

Figs. 60 *to* 66.—NEW APRONS.

60. Apron of blue faille, with deep embroidered flounce and sash, bias bands of silk, and rosettes of the same head the flouncing.

61. Black velvet apron, edged with deep Chantilly lace, and heading of black gros de Naples. This apron fastens with a buckle.

62. Grey faille apron, edged with fluted muslin, and having two bands of dark grey velvet arranged as trimming.

63. Black silk apron, with deep kilted trimming, divided by velvet bands, and with velvet loops.

64. Mauve silk apron, with scalloped flounce and trimming of silk cords.

65. Violet silk apron, with rever richly embroidered, and with fringed ends.

66. Plain black silk apron, with black embroidery of varied satin.

HINTS ON SPRING FABRICS & STYLES.

THE season is now sufficiently advanced to enable the fashion chronicler to speak with some little confidence as to the forthcoming styles, though of course, so far as the retail shops go, the novelties have scarcely made their appearance yet. A few, however, may be indicated. A pretty effect is given to English prints with clear white grounds by having alternating stripes of two shades of one colour, either blue, brown, or lavender. Dots, diamonds, blocks, and vines are all shades of one colour on purest white. The pretty watered designs and the harlequin stripes of several contrasting colours are repeated from last season.

Solid colours prevail in the light woollen stuffs for spring wear, though a few pencil stripes are seen. Twilled goods, cotton warp with wool filling, are brought out in the Frou-frou buff, brown, and turtle-dove grey tints for outdoor costumes, and in plain green and blue for house dresses. A far handsomer fabric than these is called crape poplin—a silk and wool manufacture slightly repped, yet crinkled like crape. This appears to be serviceable, and will make very dressy costumes, and is produced in exquisite colours. Among the French fabrics for summer dresses are black grenadines with tiny coloured stripes—gold, blue, purple, green, or white. Figured and dotted grenadines are also revived. Mohair mixtures of black and white, producing grisaille effects, and broken plaids of black and white in leno and goat's hair, are prepared for spring.

Black silk outdoor costumes will retain their popularity. Black cashmere over-skirts and paletots will be worn until very late in the season. Over-dresses and sacques of black China crape will be offered as a relief from cashmere when the spring is over; but this crape is so frail that it will scarcely rival the favourite wraps of black gros grain and faille.

Many most distinguished-looking costumes will be made with flat trimmings, though flounces and ruffles will be the rule rather than the exception.

Lace insertion will be the most stylish trimming. Black thread, guipure, and duchesse insertion will be used on handsome black silk garments. The richest passementeries, with jet and without, will be in vogue, and thick, heavy fringe is largely made. This fringe is to be placed straight round the skirts of dresses between ruffles, puffs, and ruches. Rows of lace are to be arranged after the same fashion.

An elegant suit of black gros grain now being made will serve for a model for spring costumes. The skirt—too long for ordinary use—lies on the ground a couple of inches in the back, and is trimmed with three narrow ruffles, separated by a row of thread lace insertion. The polonaise has a sharp apron front, is caught up high on the hips, and has a long bouffant back. Four widths of silk are back of the apron. This fullness is added at the belt in very large box-pleats. The trimming is two rows of insertion of fine Chantilly, and a wide lace edge on the bottom. The silk is cut out beneath the insertion, and an inch or two of space is left between the rows. This trimming passes down the front, and forms a square tablier. The coat-shaped sleeves have two rows of insertion, forming cuffs, and passing up the outside seam the whole length of the sleeve. This polonaise will sometimes be worn over coloured dresses, and the fine Chantilly insertion will be well displayed.

A stylish black alpaca suit has three narrow ruffles on the skirt. These are bias, with the hem turned up on the right side, and stitched by machine. The upper edge is in scant gathers, concealed beneath the flounce above it, and the whole ruffled cluster is headed by a puff and standing ruffle. The upper-skirt is edged with a puff and a ruffle. The wrap is a half-fitting slashed paletot, long enough to conceal the postillion basque beneath it. Half-flowing sleeves. Black alpaca suits are so neat and serviceable that they will always be worn, but they are not now considered an indispensable part of a lady's outfit, as they were some time ago. The expensive alpacas formerly worn by ladies of wealth are replaced by cashmeres. Cheaper alpacas are now most in demand, except by elderly ladies, who delight in glossy silk alpacas, and trim them with passementerie and pleatings. Coloured alpacas are seldom worn, and coloured trimmings on black alpaca are out of date. Black repped silk is the only material that will trim alpaca well. Velvet and satin are incongruous on this plain serviceable goods.

Figs. 60 *to* 66.—NEW APRONS.
(From Designs by Messrs. Goubaud and Sons.)

BECOMING DRESS.

A young girl will often wear a rich and heavily-trimmed silk dress which is quite unsuitable to the wearer and to the occasion. The toilette of a French demoiselle at a ball is nearly always spotless white; the dress of tulle or some such delicate and airy-looking material, adorned by bouquets or a garland of flowers to match those worn in the hair; a few ornaments are worn, but the effect of the toilette is of exquisite freshness and elegant simplicity. It is a mistake to suppose the most expensive dresses are the most admired or most effective. To those who are still young, good but inexpensive materials, well made, and with few but good trimmings, are far more becoming than over-trimmed and costly silks. A lady is well-dressed only when her appearance accords with her position and means; for all pretension in dress is in bad taste. It is difficult to decide how far the ever-varying changes of fashion should be followed, but to dress in the fashion and never to carry it to excess is the most sensible plan. To wear anything *outré*, or that attracts attention by its novelty, is in bad taste. Frenchwomen are very careful of their dresses, and this is why they always look so fresh and crisp. We have heard of ladies who, on going to a ball, stood the whole way in their carriages rather than allow the delicate tulle puffings and flowers to be crushed. This is going to the extreme, but there is no doubt that if ladies wish their toilettes to look fresh and charming, they must use care to preserve them so. It is right and natural that every lady should give a certain amount of time and thought to dress; it is only when this is carried to excess, and absorbs the mind to the exclusion of better things, that it has a bad effect on the character.

WHY LACE IS COSTLY.—The manufacture of lace is carried to its highest extent in Belgium. The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labour of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinctive features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used, and for the larger width as many as eight hundred on the same pillow. The most valuable Valenciennes is determined by the number of times the bobbins have been twisted in making the ground; the more frequent the twists the clearer and more beautiful will be the lace. Belgium annually sells of this lace alone to the value of over four million dollars. Chantilly lace is always black, and is used chiefly for veils and flounces. It is very fine, and is extensively worn.

Room among the Angels.

SONG AND CHORUS.

(Reproduced from "Whitney's Musical Guest.")

A mother, who was preparing some flour to make into bread, left it for a few moments, when little Mary, with childish curiosity to see what it was, took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor, spilling its contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was "always in the way." Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be "room for her among the angels?" When too late, the broken-hearted mother felt no sacrifice too great, could she have saved her child.

Music by W. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

PIANO.

1. Is there room among the an - - gels For the spi-rit of your child? Will they take your lit - tle Ma - - ry, In their lov - ing arms so mild?
2. I have sore-ly tried you, mo - - ther,— Been to you a con-stant care; And you will not miss me, mo - - ther, When I dwell a-mong the fair;
3. I was not so wayward, mo - - ther,— Not so ve-ry, ve - ry bad, But that ten - der love would nour - - ish, And make all my life seem glad.

Will they e - ver love me fond - - ly, As my sto - ry - books have said?
For you have no room for Ma - - ry, She was e - ver in your way,
Oh! I yearn'd for pure af - fec - - tion, In this world of bit - ter woe;

Will they find a home for Ma - - ry, Ma - ry num - - ber'd with the dead?
And she fears the good will shun her! Will they, dar - - ling mo - ther, say?
And I long for bliss im - mor - - tal, In that land where I must go.

CHORUS.

rall.

Tell me tru-ly, darling mo - ther, Is there room in heav'n for me? Shall I gain the home of spi - rits, And the shining an-gels see?

Play accompaniment to first eight measures of solo, with the chorus.

The Toilet.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

No one who goes much into society can fail to notice how very common the use of paints, powders, and cosmetics has become of late years. This fashion we owe, with many others, to the constantly increasing intercourse with the Parisians. Few Frenchwomen have good complexions, at least what we consider as such—a clear skin, with a bright, healthy bloom on it; and from the time the Empress of the French reigned as the queen of fashion in Paris, to within a short time of the breaking out of the war, golden hair and a fair complexion were the great desideratum among the usually raven-haired and dark or sallow-skinned Parisians. It is perfectly right that every woman should try to make the best of herself, and the wish to improve her appearance to a certain extent is even laudable, but there is of course a golden mean in this, as in other things. It is not at all difficult to obtain a good complexion, if the right means are taken to insure it. The first requsite is perfect health, without which all endeavours will be comparatively unsuccessful. The complexion is the barometer of health, and when the skin is sallow or dry, the eyes heavy and without brightness, and the countenance has a worn look, we may feel sure there is something wrong in the health, and that must be first set right. The next essential to obtaining a clear and blooming complexion is early rising, which is absolutely necessary. Our English great-grandmothers used to rise very early and go down the meadows and dip their faces in May dew, which they thought the best thing for the skin; and no doubt they found the custom beneficial, for it obliged them to rise early, and to breathe the fresh morning air. Seven or half-past is the latest hour at which any one in ordinary health should rise who wishes to have a clear and blooming complexion. Avoid crowded assemblies, late hours, and exhausting excitement.

Nothing helps more to insure a good complexion than the use of a cold bath every morning. No one who is not in the habit of taking one can imagine how greatly it conduces to the health and to the freshness of the complexion.

A large spongeful of water should be squeezed all over the body for about two minutes, when rough towels (Turkish are the best) should be used until the friction causes a warm glow to be felt. The softest water should be used for the face (rain-water filtered is much the best), and soap should always be applied once a-day.

If the skin is at all dry or cracked by the weather, a little fresh cold cream applied at night will soften it and restore the elasticity. Plenty of fresh air and exercise must be taken; an hour at the very least every day, and more, if possible, should be devoted to walking or riding.

Early rising, a daily cold bath, a simple diet, and plenty of fresh air and exercise will do more to insure a clear and blooming complexion than all the cosmetics ever invented.

HARMONISING COLOURS IN DRESS.

By Mrs. H. W. Beecher.

On another occasion we may notice the colours most appropriate and harmonious for the *Fair* and the *Ruddy Blonde*. In this article we purpose speaking of the *Pale* and the *Florid Brunette*.

In the *Pale Brunette*, the eyes and hair are usually a deep brown, or brown-black, and the skin pale, often with some sallow shade. With this peculiar complexion, light, or very dark colours are the most becoming, because the light colours harmonise with the tint of the skin, and the dark colours with the hue of the hair and eyes. Thus we follow Nature's colouring, and sustain her effective contrasts. When the colours of the dress are a medium between the skin and hair and eyes, they "reduce the expression, and injure or destroy the greatest charm."

Black being similar to the colour of eyes and hair, and a perfect contrast to the complexion, increases the purity of the natural tints, and is very suitable for the pale brunette. All the shades of dark brown, being similar to the hair and eyes, are also appropriate. Claret, dark russet, and crimson are not unsuitable, but less desirable and becoming than black or brown.

Positive blue, green, or purple must not be used; but dark blue, green, or violet may be accepted, provided the complexion has no shade of yellow or sallowness. If there is these colours must all be avoided.

White being analogous to the hue of the skin is very desirable, enhancing the richness of the eyes and hair, and, as it receives a yellow tint from artificial light, is particularly desirable for an evening dress for the pale brunette. Yellow and white united are also becoming in the evening for this class of complexion, but become dull by daylight, and very undesirable. Gold or maize colour contrasts pleasantly with black or dark-brown eyes and hair, and neutralises any disagreeable sallowness that there may be in the skin.

The *Florid Brunette* often inclines to the olive complexion, and, in many cases, to the copper-coloured, or subdued yellow, or orange-brown, with more positive red on lip and cheek than in the blonde types. The eyes are black, the hair jet or blue-black. The tones yellow, orange, and red predominate in the florid brunette, and harmonise together, by analogy or similarity; but they also harmonise with the black hair and eyes, by contrast; therefore great care and good judgment should be exercised, lest this agreeable group of harmonising tints should be weakened or destroyed by the use of objectionable colours. On the other hand, it is desirable to seek to neutralise any unpleasant tone in the complexion, caused by too much yellow, which will otherwise give a sallow and unhealthy tinge to the skin. Yellow, maize or gold colour will effect this; because while they contrast favourably with the colour of the hair and eyes, intensifying their richness by the purple tint which this combination forms, they also harmonise, by analogy, with the tints of the complexion, and at the same time sufficiently neutralise any excess of yellow that these tints may exhibit. When the skin shows more orange than yellow, maize or yellow in the dress will enrich the complexion by the increase of red which these colours will develop.

A yellow bonnet is very becoming to the florid brunette; but as it is worn near and surrounds the face, much of its effects must be neutralised, by introducing violet, purple, or deep blue as trimmings; but they must not come in contact with the face, and should be used very sparingly.

Orange is too brilliant and gaudy to be used in dress, except in very small quantities, and the same rule holds good of red scarlet, bright crimson, magenta, and all brilliant colours of the like class; they, with orange, are suited to some complexions where it is advantageous to neutralise, but they are too bright for general costume. A scarlet headdress is becoming with dark hair, intensifying it by contrast, and by the purple shade which it adds when worn near black. Dark red, also, is suitable for complexions that have too much red on the cheeks or lips, neutralising the colour of the skin, and reducing it by contrast. Violet is not agreeable, unless its bad effects are controlled or counteracted by the addition of yellow; but the dark shades of violet are less objectionable than the positive colour. A violet bonnet may be used with this type of complexion, if trimmed with pale yellow—primroses, for instance—the flowers being a good contrast to the violet bonnet, and harmonising well with the skin.

A black bonnet is not as becoming for the brunette as for the blonde; but by using white, red, orange, or yellow trimmings, it is quite pleasing. It enhances the red by reducing the lighter tints of the skin, but it has no power to neutralise any objectionable tint that may exist. White is more favourable than black, and accords well with this complexion. A white bonnet is suitable, if trimmed with red, orange, or yellow; but the yellow should be mingled with white only for evening wear.

In grouping colour with colour, nothing is more common than to see discordant tints placed together—purple and green, for instance—and however rich the material or beautiful the wearer, such incongruity is exceedingly distateful. In arranging colours, it should be borne in mind that there are two kinds of harmony—the harmony of contrast and the harmony of analogy. When two dissimilar colours are blended agreeably, such as blue and orange, or lilac and cherry, they form a harmony of contrast. Two distant tones of one colour, such as very light and very dark blue, associated, harmonise by contrast; but in this latter instance, the harmony is neither so striking nor so perfect. When similar colours, such as orange and scarlet, crimson and crimson-brown, are grouped together, they form a harmony of analogy; and if two or more shades of colour, closely approximating in intensity, are associated, they harmonise by analogy.

Harmonies of contrast are more effective, but not more important, than those of analogy. The former are brilliant and decisive, the latter quiet and undemonstrative. Both hold equal positions in matters of dress, and in arranging the colours of the costume be careful to choose the proper species of harmony.

There are two rules to be observed: 1st. Associate with colours favourable to the complexion, tints that will harmonize by analogy or similarity, because contrasting colours would diminish and injure its favourable effect. 2nd. If the colour selected for the dress is injurious to the complexion, then contrasting must be associated with it, to neutralise its objectionable influence.

There is much more to be said on the selection of colours for dress; but we must not trespass longer. We hope, by thus calling attention to this subject, our readers may find it sufficiently interesting to become familiar with the rules given, and carry the lessons it may have taught into practical use.

The Housekeeper.

EDIBLE SEAWEEDS (ALGÆ).

By Prof. J. Darby.

There are many articles of human food drawn from the vegetables of the ocean. An *alga* is a plant growing in the water, salt or fresh, but bearing no flowers. The algæ exist in immense quantities, bordering every ocean. The most important of them, in this country, is the *carrageen* (*Irish moss, chrondus crispus*). It received the name of Irish moss from its being collected on the south and west coasts of Ireland, from which localities it was first brought into market. It is found, however, in the temperate latitudes of the northern hemisphere of Europe and America. It is attached to rocks by a flat circular disc or root, from which numerous leaves (*fronds*) spring, which rise to the height of six to twelve inches. These leaves are more or less cylindrical at the base, but soon expand into a broad leaf, which is repeatedly divided, presenting linear segments, more or less curled up.

The carrageen plant grows upon the borders of the ocean, occupying a belt from high tide to a depth a little below low tide. It does not grow in deep waters, nor above the flow of the tide. This plant is now collected in immense quantities on the coast of Massachusetts, mostly in Plymouth county. It grows elsewhere, but the conditions of its growth are not generally such as to produce a marketable product. We have in the seaweeds all the organic and inorganic elements of animal nutrition. As articles of food we may depend upon them to supply all the demands of the human system.

On the coast of Massachusetts there is now gathered annually 6,000 barrels of carrageen. The gatherers (mossers they are called, although the plant is not a moss) begin their labour at the spring tides in May, and continue it at each spring tide through the summer. This tide is chosen because the low tide is the lowest at these periods, and gives them easier access to the plants that grow below the tide, which are the best. When the plant is gathered it is washed thoroughly in salt water, and laid out in drying beds on the sands, being frequently turned; in which condition it not only dries, but bleaches. The mossers are very careful that it shall not rain on their moss, as fresh water will wash out much of the substance. When thoroughly dried it is packed in barrels of about 100lb. each and sent to market. The carrageen is of several qualities, depending on the condition of the plant when gathered and the more or less care in preparing it for market. The poorest kinds are employed for sizing in the manufacture of cloth, paper, felt and straw hats. The second quality is employed in refining beers, the tannin in the hops coagulating the gelatinous material of the carrageen, thus entangling the impurities and raising them to the surface or sinking with them to the bottom. In the same manner it clarifies coffee. White of egg and gelatine are often used for the same purpose.

The best qualities of carrageen are used as food and medicine. In consumptive cases it has had a high reputation, and has been thought beneficial in scrofula, diarrhœa, dysentery, and disorders of the kidneys. As food it ought to be in more extensive use than it is. It might well displace the starchy materials now so extensively employed for young children and convalescents; such as tapioca, arrowroot, and sago. It makes a delightful jelly, and should replace the almost useless gelatine in the preparation of jellies and blanc-mange. Carrageen does not dissolve in cold water, but swells up to its original size by absorbing water. Boiling water dissolves the most of it, and by straining the soluble portion is obtained for use.

Many of the algæ are used in different parts of the world as food. "Buy my dulse and tangle" is, or was, a cry heard in the streets of Edinburgh made by the sellers of two species of seaweeds. Harvey tells us that a nourishing and highly-esteemed food is produced from a seaweed (*placaria lichnoides*) found on the coast of Ceylon. The famous *birds' nests*, so highly esteemed by the Chinese, are constructed by the bird from an alga growing on the coast. The algæ growing on the coasts of China and Japan are more utilised than similar plants by any other nation, not because they are any better adapted for use, but because they utilise everything. They not only supply large quantities of food, but they derive from them their glue and varnishes and other things used in the arts. There are 27,000 lbs of the one used for glue sold in the market of Canton annually. It has great adhesive power. A transparent varnish is produced with which they varnish their paper lanterns so as to make them translucent. Sea weeds are used to a greater or less extent for food in every maritime country in the world. They not only furnish food for men but for domestic animals in many countries.

The important functions that sea-plants perform in the great operations of nature are but little appreciated. We are accustomed to think that the land is specially fitted for vegetable life, while the waters are particularly adapted to animals. Just as necessary as vegetable life is to animal life on the land, so essential is vegetable life in the waters to their inhabitants.

LADIES AND THE WAR.

On the 1st instant the people in Paris changed the name of the Rue de Berlin to Rue Richard Wallace. The Boulevard Haussmann has become Boulevard Victor Hugo.

In 1869-70, from the 18th September to the 24th February, the number of deaths in Paris was 21,978; in the corresponding period just concluded the number was 64,154.

A Berlin correspondent says that the whole of Prussia is at once to go into mourning for six weeks now that peace has been definitely concluded. The actual mourning among the people is, however, already very visible. No fewer than 30,000 young men have lost their lives on the battle-field, or from wounds received there.

The want of work in Cashmere caused by the blockade of Paris has at length thrown 40,000 shawl-weavers out of employment. The bad New Year's Day in Paris will cause distress not only to many expectant ladies, but to thousands of families of Cashmere weavers. It is complained that Parisian patterns have greatly injured the style of design in Cashmere.

A letter from Chatillon-sur-Seine (Côte d'Or) says that the magnificent chateau of the Duke of Ragusa has been burned by the Prussians. This chateau was sold by Marmont to the Countess de Rochechouart, and afterwards passed from her to M. Maitre, its present owner. It contained four saloons, one of which was sufficiently large to hold 2,000 persons. Among other things particularly noticed in the chateau was a panel on which were the portraits of Louis XVI., Charlotte Corday, Napoleon I., and Louis XVIII.

Several incidents, connected with the entry of the Germans into Paris are related which throw light on the temper of the Parisians, that is of such of them as ventured out, and these seem to have been mainly of the lower classes. Dr. Russell characterises the crowds whom he saw as "half-sullen, half-curious." As a proof of the spirit of the mob, however, he mentions that a woman who was accused of speaking to the Prussians in the Champs Elysées was set on, beaten, and stripped almost naked. Mr. Wodehouse can vouch for the fact. Another correspondent, who had ordered his coachman to drive to La Villette, was surrounded by a mob, and denounced as a Prussian spy. He writes: I took two or three of the relief tickets and my passport from my pocket instantly, and, asking the men to read for themselves, explained what both were. One of my captors took the tickets, jumped up on the box beside the driver, and began to read one by the light of our lamps. While he was doing this a comrade who held the hind wheel demanded of me, "Parlez-vous Anglais?" "Oui, Monsieur," I answered, "I do speak English." My fate appeared to be trembling in the balance, when the young woman to whom I had given the relief ticket exclaimed in loud accents, taking it from her bosom, "Yes, he is English, and he is good to the poor of Paris. He has given me this." "How do you know he is English, though?" cried a National. "The Germans speak English." To save me she told an untruth. I hope she may be pardoned for it. "I have known him for several years and you cannot doubt that I am a Parisian." This turned the tide in my favour. The man who had examined the tickets and they who had first stopped me declared themselves satisfied, and shook hands with me. Fresh arrivals demanded to be informed of the facts before I was suffered to depart; but my two newly-made friends carried the majority with them. They told me to mount, and bid the coachman drive off. As he was doing so they shouted "Vive l'Angleterre!"

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Antéros, a Novel, by Author of "Guy Livingstone," 3 vols., 31s. 6d.
Anstey's Novels and Tales, 5 vols., in Box, 12mo, 10s., cloth.
Blanchard's Riddles of Love, or Knave of Hearts, 3 vols., 31s. 6d.
Clarie's Little Charge, by the Author of "Lonely Lily." 1s. 6d., cloth.
Collins's (W.) Woman in White, new edition, 12mo, 2s., boards.
Disraeli's Novels, new edition, Vol. 5, "Venetia," crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.
Eber's An Egyptian Princess, from the German, by E. Grove, 2 vols., 12mo, 4s., cloth.
Hunt's (Leigh) Table Talk, cheap edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d., cloth, limp.
MacDonald's David Elginbrod, crown 8vo, 5s., cloth.
Marryatt's (F.) Her Lord and Master, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d., cloth.
Mogridge's (late Miss Mintorn) Modelling in Leather, 12mo., 1s.
Spen's (Kay) The Green-Eyed Monster, crown 8vo, 10s. 6d., cloth.
Trollope's (A.) Can You Forgive Her? new edition, crown 8vo, 6s., cloth.
Vincent's (Sir F.) The Carylls, a Novel, 3 vols., crown 8vo., 31s. 6d., cloth

How Small-pox is Spread.—On Monday evening Dr. Lankester held an inquest in St. Pancras on the body of Thomas Charles Callaghan, aged eight years, who died of small-pox. The parents of the child live, with three children, in one room, at 10, Munster-street, St. Pancras. A short time ago the landlord's son had the small-pox, but recovered. The elder brother of the deceased caught the disease, but the parents would not send for a medical man because they were afraid that the boy would be sent to the Small-pox Hospital. He recovered, but the deceased and his sister, aged three months, caught the disease. They were not seen by a doctor, but the deceased got so bad that on Monday afternoon the parents were afraid, and sent for the parish surgeon, but when his assistant arrived he found the boy quite dead. His sister was also very bad, and is now in the Small-pox Hospital. The jury found that the boy died of small-pox, and they thought the father highly reprehensible in not sending for a medical man.

"I have one word more to say before I close of the Pain Killer, which I consider a *most valuable medicine*. I have travelled a good deal since I have been in Kansas, and never without taking it with me. I used it freely in my practice for cholera in 1849 and 1855, and with better success than any other medicine.—A. Hunting M.D., *Manhattan, Kansas, April*, 1866."—To Perry Davis & Son.

Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

HER MAJESTY walked in the grounds at Windsor on Tuesday morning last week, accompanied by Princess Louise. Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold also went out. Lady Caroline Lascelles arrived at the Castle. Colonel Du Plat and Colonel the Earl of Mountcharles succeeded Colonel the Hon. D. F. de Ros and Colonel the Hon. A. Hardinge as Equerries in Waiting to Her Majesty. Lord Lurgan had the honour of showing his famous greyhound, Master M'Grath, to the Queen and the Royal Family. In the afternoon the Queen drove out. Viscountess Clifden was in attendance. The Royal dinner party in the evening included her Royal Highness Princess Louise, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, the Marquis of Lorne, the Lady Caroline Lascelles, and Mr. Theodore Martin.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, went out in the grounds on the Thursday morning. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice also went out. Lady Caroline Lascelles left the Castle. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, attended by Viscountess Clifden. Her Royal Highness Princess Christian dined with Her Majesty.

On Friday morning Her Majesty, with Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, went out. Prince Leopold also went out. Princess Christian visited the Queen, and remained to luncheon. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, left the Castle in the afternoon at three o'clock and travelled by road to Claremont. In attendance were Viscountess Clifden, the Hon. Mary Lascelles, Colonel H. Ponsonby, Colonel the Earl of Mountcharles, and Dr. Poore.

The Queen went out at Claremont on Saturday morning with Princess Beatrice, and Her Majesty drove in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Clifden and the Hon. Mary Lascelles. Prince Leopold drove to Hampton-court, attended by Dr. Poore.

On Monday the Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, and attended by Viscountess Clifden and the Hon. Mary Lascelles, drove to Bushey House, to visit the Duc de Nemours, the Comte and her Imperial Highness the Comtesse d'Eu, and the other members of the family this afternoon. Colonel the Earl of Mountcharles was in attendance on horseback.

The Queen walked and drove at Claremont on Tuesday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Princess Louise and Prince Leopold also went out. In the afternoon Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, attended by Viscountess Clifden, the Hon. Mary Lascelles, Major-General Sir T. M. Biddulph, Colonel the Earl of Mountcharles, and Dr. Poore arrived at Windsor Castle from Claremont.

Lord Camoys and Lord Frederick Kerr succeeded Lord Sheffield and Colonel W. H. F. Cavendish as Lord and Groom in Waiting.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales rode out on Wednesday last week, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey. In the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at a at a ball given by the Earl of Fife, at his residence, Cavendish-square.

On the Thursday the Princess of Wales drove out attended by the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey. Prince Arthur visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and remained to luncheon.

On Friday the Prince of Wales, attended by Lieut.-Colonel Ellis, went to Blisworth and hunted with the Duke of Grafton's foxhounds. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey.

The Prince of Wales presided on Saturday morning at a meeting held at Marlborough House of the Provisional Committee of the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences. The Prince and Princess drove out in the afternoon. In the evening their royal highnesses, accompanied by Prince Arthur, and attended by the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey, Colonel Elphinstone, and Lieutenant-Colonel A. Ellis, dined with the Earl and Countess Granville at the Foreign-office.

On Sunday the Prince and Princess of Wales attended Divine Service.

On Monday the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey, General Sir William Knollys, and Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, visited the Exhibition of Works of Old Masters at Burlington House. Subsequently the Prince of Wales, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, left London on a visit to Mr. H. Chaplin at Lincoln, for the races.

On Tuesday the Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield. In the evening her royal highness dined with the Prince and Princess of Teck at Kensington Palace.

Preparations are being made at Holyrood Palace for the visit of Her Majesty, which is expected to take place during the month of May.

St. George's Chapel will be closed to the public after Tuesday next, in order to complete the interior decorations for the approaching royal marriage.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE.—The special licence for the marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne issued under seal of the Faculty Office, Doctors commons, on Saturday. The licence recites the Order of Her Majesty in Council, dated October 24, 1870, whereby she consented to the marriage. The ancient seal of the Archbishop of Canterbury, under a statute of Henry VIII., is attached by a broad white satin riband. The preparations at Windsor Castle for the approaching royal marriage are now in a greatly advanced condition. The covered carriage-ways at the south door of St. George's Chapel and the entrance to the Albert Memorial Chapel are nearly completed, while considerable progress has been made with the excavation of the road in the Horse-shoe Cloisters leading to the foot of the grand flight of steps at the west-end of St. George's. From the foot of the steps to the door a covered way is being made, by which route the nave of the chapel will be reached on the day of the marriage. The whole of the preparations are being hurried on as rapidly as possible. The present from the Clan Campbell to her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, on the occasion of her marriage with the Marquis of Lorne, will consist of a necklace composed of pearls and diamonds, from which is suspended a locket of oval form, with pendant. The pendant, the most characteristic portion of the jewel, is suspended by an emerald sprig of bog myrtle,—the Campbell badge—and bears in the centre the galley of Lorne, composed of sapphires on a pavé of diamonds; the border, also of sapphires and diamonds, bears the inscription, "Ne obliviscaris." About 300*l.* has already been subscribed by the inhabitants of Windsor for the due celebration of the royal wedding. It is proposed to offer a wedding gift to the Princess Louise, and the residue will probably be expended in a dinner to the poor of the neighbourhood. A public ball will be given at the Townhall in the evening.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

Sir David and Hon. Lady Baird have arrived at Lord Blantyre's residence in Berkeley-square, from the North, for the season.

The Earl and Countess of Tankerville and family arrived at their residence in Curzon-street on Saturday from Chillingham Castle, Northumberland, for the season.

Lady Dufferin has arrived in Grosvenor-square from Clandeboye, Ireland, for the season.

Lady Beaumont has arrived at Claridge's Hotel from Carlton Selby, Yorkshire, for the season.

Selina Viscountess Milton and the Misses Foljambe have arrived at their residence on Carlton House-terrace from her ladyship's seat in Northamptonshire, for the season.

His Royal Highness the Count de Paris dined with the Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue and Frances Countess Waldegrave on Saturday, at their residence in Carlton-gardens.

Lady Violet Greville has been safely delivered of a son, at 14, Beaufort-gardens. Her ladyship and infant are going on most satisfactorily.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is now at Cannes, and is occupying Lord Brougham's château there, his lordship having kindly placed it at the Archbishop's disposal. Very good accounts have lately been received of his grace's health. His medical adviser, however, considers that he ought not to return to England until the warm weather begins.

Lady Townsend Farquhar had a dancing party on Monday evening at her residence in Berkeley-street, which was numerously and fashionably attended.

During the last few days preparations have been made at Camden House, Chiselhurst, the residence of the Empress Eugénie, for the Emperor Napoleon, whose arrival from Wilhelmshöhe, Hesse-Cassel, when our report left on Saturday night, was expected hourly. Notwithstanding the rumours as to the purchase of an estate in Bohemia for the ex-Emperor, it is confidently stated at Chiselhurst that he will rejoin the Empress, and will, for the present at least, take up his residence in England. The Empress and Prince Imperial frequently walk about the neighbourhood without any attendant, and prefer dispensing with royal etiquette. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur frequently rides over from the Ranger's House, Greenwich-park, on a visit to the illustrious exiles.

The Right Hon. Hugh Childers, M.P., left his official residence at the Admiralty, accompanied by Mrs. Childers, on Saturday, for Brighton.

The Earl and Countess of Yarmouth have arrived at 10, Rutland-gate, for the season.

The Duke of Sutherland and party, including Colonel and Mrs. Marshall, Mr. Pender, and Mr. J. B. Mitford, have arrived in the Duke's steam-yacht at Port Said, from Brindisi, safe and well. The Duke and his friends intend to make a tour of the Canal, and after that return home by way of Constantinople and Vienna. The Duke will probably be in London about the latter end of April or early in May.

Earl Brownlow has taken the late Marquis of Lothian's residence in Belgrave-square for the season.

The Earl and Countess Cowper, who are at present staying at her ladyship's father's residence at Rutland-gate, have taken Lady Caroline Maxse's house in Grosvenor-street from Easter.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

On Tuesday, the 31st. ult., was solemnised, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the marriage of Mr. Robert W. Duff, M.P., of Fetteresso, and Louisa, youngest daughter of Sir William Scott, Bart., of Ancrum, and Lady Scott. The hon. bridegroom, accompanied by his best man, Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P., arrived at the church shortly after eleven. The bride, accompanied by her father, was met by the following youthful ladies, who officiated as bridesmaids: Miss H. Scott, Miss E. Duff, Lady Frances Legge, Miss Galton, Miss Malcolm, and Miss Bentinck. The bride wore a dress composed of the richest poult de soie, covered with dentelle de Bruxelles, and supported by rushes of tulle illusion, the lace fastened at one side with a large nœud of poult de soie, corsage carté, with garniture of dentelle de Bruxelles, veil of the same costly lace, and a beautiful wreath of orange flowers. Three of the bridesmaids were attired in dresses of white and pink silk, and three in white and blue, trimmed with swansdown, and bonnets to correspond. Each wore a locket, presented by the bridegroom. After the ceremony the wedding party adjourned to Sir William and Lady Scott's temporary residence in Belgrave-square, where a sumptuous breakfast was provided for a party of upwards of 150. The newly-wedded pair, after receiving the affectionate congratulations of their friends, left town shortly before two o'clock for Wellington Lodge, Ryde, Isle of Wight, to spend their honeymoon.

The marriage of Captain Alfred David Ker (Prince of Wales's Royal Lancers), eldest son of Mr. David Ker, of Montalto, county Down, and Miss Eva Francis Caroline Bateson, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Bateson, Bart, M.P., and the Hon. Lady Bateson, was solemnised on Saturday at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, in the presence of a numerous circle of the relatives and friends of both families. The bridal party met at the church shortly after eleven o'clock. The gallant bridegroom was accompanied by Captain Maxwell, his best man; and the bride was attended by eight young ladies, viz., Kiss Kathleen Bateson, sister of the bride, Miss Ker and Miss Violet Ker, sisters of the bridegroom, Miss Fitzroy, daughter of Lord Charles Fitzroy, Lady Mary Grenville, Lady Frances Legge, the Hon. Frederica Fitzroy, daughter of Lord Southampton, and Miss Constance Gladstone. The bride's dress was of white satin antique, trimmed with white tulle and Brussels flounces, and chatelaine of orange-blossoms, stephenotis, and shamrock, square bodice with elbow sleeves trimmed to correspond; headdress, Brussels veil and wreath of orange-blossoms; she also wore a medallion of diamonds, a present from her father. The bridesmaids wore dresses of white silk, four looped over blue silk petticoats, and four looped over pink silk petticoats, white silk bodices *en cœur* with hanging sleeves, and white chip bonnets trimmed with ribbon to correspond with petticoat, and ornamented with snowdrops and marabout feathers, and long tulle veils. Each of the bridesmaids wore a gold locket, with initials, presented by the bridegroom. The religious rite was performed by the Hon. and Rev. Henry Rice, M.A., Rector of Great Risington, Gloucestershire, assisted by the Rev. C. H. E. Wyche, M.A., of St. Peter's. The ceremony concluded, the wedding party went to breakfast with Sir Thomas and the Hon. Lady Bateson at their mansion in Grosvenor-square. Shortly before three o'clock the newly-wedded couple left town for Bromham Hall, Frances Lady Dynevor's seat in Bedfordshire, to pass the honeymoon.

On Tuesday forenoon the marriage of Archibald, third Marquis of Ailsa, and the Hon. Evelyn, third daughter of Lord Blantyre, was solemnised at St. George's Church, Hanover-square. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, the Marquis of Lorne and Lady Elizabeth Campbell, Sir David and Hon. Lady Baird, and many relatives and friends of both noble families were present. The gallant bridegroom, accompanied by Captain R. S. Hall, of the Coldstream Guards, his best man, arrived shortly after eleven o'clock. The bride, accompanied by her father, arrived soon after, and was received beneath the church portico by the following young ladies: The Hon. Mary and Hon. Gertrude Stuart, the bride's sisters; the Ladies Evelyn and Constance Kennedy, sisters of the bridegroom, Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor, daughter of the Marquis of Westminster, and Miss Rashleigh, cousins of the bride. The bride was attired in a dress of rich white satin, with tunic of fine old Brussels lace, with garniture of tulle illusion; corsage carré and sleeves á la Queen Elizabeth, ornamented with Brussels lace and orange flowers. A Brussels lace veil and wreath of orange flowers formed her headdress; and the jewels she wore were diamonds and pearls, and a diamond locket, the gift of the Marquis of Westminster. The bridesmaids wore dresses of white Chambéry gauze over white silk, trimmed with mauve satin. The bonnets, which harmonised with the dresses, were of white tulle and mauve satin, with marabout feathers. The religious ceremony was conducted by the Hon. and Rev. Francis R. Grey, hon. canon of Durham, and rector of Morpeth, assisted by the Rev. H. Howarth, rector of St. George's, and chaplain in ordinary to Her Majesty. The bride was given away by her father. The noble Marquis and bride left town shortly before two o'clock to spend the honeymoon at Trentham, the Duke of Sutherland's seat in Staffordshire.

We understand that a marriage is arranged between Mr. Vernon Harcourt, M.P., and Mrs. Ives, eldest daughter of Mr. Motley, the late American Minister in London.

A marriage is arranged to take place between Sir George Francis Bonham, Bart., and Miss Louisa Buchanan, third daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Andrew Buchanan, G.C.B., Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Sir George Bonham is attached to the Embassy at St. Petersburg.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Sir John Kirkland, J.P., late of Beckenham and Whitehall, formerly of Footscray, Kent, receiver-general of Crown rents for Middlesex, was proved in London on the 20th ult., by his son Major-General John Aymoudesham Vesey Kirkland, the surviving executor, and the personalty sworn under 160,000*l.* After leaving a small legacy to a relative, the whole of the testator's property, real and personal, devolves to the son, as surviving residuary legatee.

The will of Sophy Elizabeth, Lady Fox Strangeways, relict of Brigadier-General T. F. Strangeways, was proved under 3,000*l.*

The will of Dame Maria Susanna King, of Madingley Hall, Cambridgeshire, and Wilton-cresent, Belgrave-square, who died on January 8 last, was proved in London under 10,000*l.*

MRS. TOPPEY'S CASE.—The Chaplain of the House of Commons, presiding on Sunday morning at the Chapel Royal in the Savoy, adverted to this case. He said that Englishmen were accustomed to talk of the majesty of the law, but it too often happened that in its administration men were successful because they had not the courage to be magisterial—compassionate, because they were afraid to be just. Adverting to the opinions expressed by some of the public journals upon the point, he declared his entire concurrence in them, and regretted that after so foul an attack upon an innocent man, one of the perpetrators of the outrage—although a woman with a child in her arms—should have escaped through the fears of chicken-hearted jurymen. Under the altar of that Chapel Royal, he said, were the arms of the Douglas family, which bore the inscription, "Tender and true." Christian life and Christian love knew no other motto. Without its acceptance, national peace and national security could never be secured.

An ingenious French invention is a machine for writing music. The inventor passes over a metal cylinder, turning regularly by means of a clock movement and communicating with a battery, a band of paper impregnated with a solution that will decompose under the influence of an electric current, as in telegraphic apparatus according to Caselli's and other systems. The clock movement may be put in motion or stopped at will by an electric or mechanical stop or dedent. The band of paper being placed on the cylinder, the inventor places above it a series of metal wires or plates, isolated from each other in such a way that as they rest at one point on the paper, in a parallel direction to the axis of the cylinder, they each communicate, by means of a separate metallic wire, with a contact apparatus placed under each of the keys of the keyboard of the instrument. These contact apparatuses are worked by the motion of the key, either by bringing together two wires or metallic plates or by plunging one point in a jar of mercury communicating with the battery. The circuit is thus closed for each of the wires only when the key corresponding to it is lowered.

"Owing to the enormous sale of Dr. Ridge's Patent Food, other kinds of food have been introduced into the market. Some only starch, useful to stiffen shirt collars, but not fit to stand near Ridge's Wholesome Diet. Some only wheaten flour, husks, and *dust* ground together, and this has been called *Food*. Be sure and ask for Dr. Ridge's Patent Food, and see that the trade mark is upon the packet.—*Manufactory*—Bermondsey, London, S.

ABYSSINIAN GOLD JEWELLERY (Registered).—This novelty received a prize medal award at the Workman's International Exhibition, 1870, and is the only imitation equal in appearance to 18-carat gold jewellery, and for elegance of design and workmanship is unsurpassed. See opinions of the press. Sole manufacturers and inventors, Lionel and Alfred Pyke, 32, Ely-place, Holborn.

From J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, Dorsetshire: "I consider BUNTER'S NERVINE a specific for tooth-ache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief." From E. Smith, Esq., Surgeon, Sherston, near Cirencester: "I have tried BUNTER'S NERVINE in many cases of severe tooth-ache, and in every instance permanent relief has been obtained." Sold by all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Packet; or post free for 15 stamps from J. R. Cooper, Maidstone.

Those Ladies who have not yet used GLENFIELD STARCH, are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and if this is done, they will say, like the Queen's laundress, that it is the finest Starch they ever used. When you ask for Glenfield Starch see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profits

General News of the Week.

DR. HEYWOOD SMITH, of 2, Portugal-street, Grosvenor-square, has been appointed a physician to the Hospital for Women, Soho-square.

CABS AND SMALL-POX.—At the Marlborough-street Police-court, a woman named Perry has been fined 10s. and costs for removing a child suffering from small-pox from one house to another in a public cab.

DEATH OF A CHILD FROM DOG-BITE.—A boy named John Wardle, seven years and a half old, the son of a policeman at Honley, has died from the effects of a dog-bite received on the 14th of January. The child went to school as usual till Saturday last, when he first complained of being unwell. In consequence of several cases of hydrophobia having occurred at Bolton, the Mayor has ordered that all dogs shall be confined until the 1st of October next. On Sunday and Monday last nearly fifty dogs were seized by the police and killed.

THE ROYAL WEDDING POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.—The Queen has given an order that the pocket-handkerchief to be worn by the Princess Louise, on the occasion of her marriage, is to be manufactured of Honiton lace. The order will be executed at Sidmouth, where a Honiton lace dress was worked for Her Majesty.

MORE WIDOWS MADE.—By an explosion of fire-damp which took place on Thursday night last week, at No. 1 Victoria Pit, Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire, nineteen men were killed and seven severely injured. There were a hundred men in the pit at the time of the accident. Serious damage was done to the works, and three horses were killed.

ANOTHER CHARGE OF WIFE MURDER.—On Sunday morning a hawker named Winfield was apprehended at Derby, on a charge of murdering his wife by throwing her into the river Derwent, which flows through the town. They were heard quarrelling on Saturday evening while passing over a bridge, and the woman was discovered next morning in the stream at some distance from the bridge. He states that his wife threw herself in, saying that she was tired of her life.

INCREASE OF MAD DOGS.—An inquest was held at Bolton, on Saturday, on a child, aged four years and a-half, who had been bitten by a mad dog and died of hydrophobia. The same dog attacked a man, who had the presence of mind, however, to seize it by the collar and strangle it. The coroner expressed strong dissatisfaction at the increased number of dogs, and said he would destroy all the dogs in England rather than sacrifice one life.

RESULT OF UPSETTING A LAMP.—On Sunday night an alarming fire, occasioned by the upsetting of a paraffin lamp, broke out in a building used as a cartridge manufactory on the premises of Mr. Wright, of Park-street, East Greenwich, and it resulted in the total destruction of the building and contents. A young woman, named Louisa Oyster, aged eighteen, who was in the building at the time, sustained very severe injury from burns about the face and shoulders, and was removed to the Dreadnought.

HUSBAND AND WIFE CHARGED WITH THEFT.—At Marylebone on Tuesday, Henry Marney and his wife, Margaret Marney, were brought before Mr. Mansfield, charged with stealing various articles of linen, valued at 2*l.*, belonging to Colonel Thomas Bigge, of 19, Bryanstone-square. Francis Beetlestone, detective of E Division, was present on the 20th of April, 1868, at the Middlesex Sessions when the male prisoner was convicted of stealing a basket of linen and sentenced to be imprisoned for eighteen months. He was committed for trial.

UNITED IN DEATH.—A French fisherman at Vains, a few days ago, found lying on the beach at that place, two dead bodies, the one that of a man and the other a woman. The bodies were bound together round the waist with a black barege shawl, and were both much decomposed. Upon the man was found a certificate of the birth of Fouissant Anguile Perrier, at Dieppe, on the 9th of March, 1811. There was also found upon him an electoral ticket of 1869. The woman appeared to be from thirty to thirty-five years of age, but there was nothing found on her which could give any clue to her identity.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.—James Page, thirty, and John Cummings, twenty-four, pleaded guilty to stealing thirty-even pound weight of beeef, seventeen pound weight of amb, a sucking pig, a quantity of preserved meat, and other provisions, from Pimm's Restaurant in the Poultry.—Prisoners were cooks in the service of Mr. Pimm, and trust was reposed in them. Page was on the eve of being married, and it was stated that the meat was taken for the purpose of supplying the wedding feast.—Both men were recommended to mercy. Page was sentenced to twelve and Cummings to six months' hard labour.

TWO WOMEN BURNT TO DEATH IN GLASGOW.—A disastrous fire has occurred in a three-storeyed building in Dalrymple-street, Glasgow, causing the death of Catherine Boyle, aged sixty, a widow, and of Rose Brown, aged twenty-two, the wife of a rivetter. The deceased women occupied the attics, and it is supposed the fire originated through the daughter of Boyle having left a candle burning when she went to work in the morning. A fireman named Mackie made a daring attempt to rescue the poor women, but he nearly lost his own life, and was dragged out of the flames in a very exhausted condition.

A LOST CHILD.—A poor man has informed the Police-magistrate at Wandsworth that he has lost a child, aged nine, since November 5 last. He had, he said, walked upwards of 200 miles in search of his child, but he had not been able to find her. She strayed away into the Borough from Clapham with some "guys." In reply to the magistrate, the applicant said he had applied to the police, who had made two special inquiries for him. He thought that he might find her if his loss were published in the newspapers. Mr. Ingham thought the newspapers would not be able to find her if the police could not. He thought the applicant had done everything in his power to find his child, and regretted that he was unable to assist him.

TRIAL FOR ABDUCTION.—At the Dorset Assizes Reuben Richard Felstead, a bank clerk at Blandford, has been tried for the abduction of Miss Marian Greatbatch. The prisoner became acquainted with Miss Greatbatch at a public conversazione, and after a long time Mrs. Greatbatch's consent was given to his visiting at her house as the girl's suitor. Her friends wished him to get his father's consent, and he said he would speak to him in August when he went home for his holiday. In that month he wrote letters to Miss Greatbatch from his father's house, saying that he had spoken to his father, who would go to Bournemouth in November, when he wished to see the young lady, and then, if they were both of the same mind, he would give his consent, and do all he could for them. On the 13th of October the prisoner asked Mrs. Greatbatch to allow him to take her daughter; this was permitted. They did not return, but went to Dublin, where for a fortnight they lived together as man and wife. Miss Greatbatch said they had agreed to go away together, because they wished to be married soon, and they did not believe their parents would consent; but it turned out the prisoner was a married man. The jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude.

BRUTAL ATTACK ON A WOMAN.—A young woman named Bessy Nugent was found in a field near Enniskillen, on Saturday, in a dying state. She was conveyed to her residence in Dane-street, and made a deposition before Captain Butler, R.M., that she had been beaten by a carpenter of the town named Hugh O'Donnel. Dr. Rogers was in attendance, but from the injuries received her life is despaired of. The accused has been arrested and lodged in gaol. The unfortunate woman had been lying in an unconscious state for nine hours before she was discovered. Her arms are broken and her features have been frightfully disfigured.

THE LATE MURDER AT LEICESTER.—At the Leicester Assizes on Monday, before the Lord Chief Baron, Jonathan Barron, a butcher, was charged with the murder of Jonathan Benfold, on February 25. It will be remembered that the prisoner was returning home intoxicated late at night, when he stumbled against a youth. He thereupon became angry, took out a clasp knife, and struck out right and left, stabbing several persons. He struck the deceased in the breast, causing death within an hour. For the defence it was urged that the prisoner feared that the crowd which he had about him wished to rob him. He had a large sum of money in his pockets. The jury found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter. He was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.

DEATHS IN CONVENTS.—A Parliamentary return has been obtained, on the motion of Mr. Newdegate, stating the number of coroners' inquests held on persons known at the period of their deaths to have been inmates of convents in England in the five years 1865-69, and the first half of 1870. The return shows only three such cases. One was that of a man accidentally drowned in 1865 while bathing near Stroud. The second was in 1867—the death of an old man at Bristol, an inmate of the House of Mercy of "The Little Sisters;" the verdict was "Found dead in his room," but there was no doubt that he died from a natural cause. The third case was in 1868, when a young priest in a very feeble state of health came over from Ireland on a visit to the Clifden-wood Convent with a view to recruit his health; he died from disease of the heart.

GIRL SEIZED BY CATALEPSY.—A case of catalepsy is at present engrossing the attention of the doctors of Berwick. The person attacked is a girl named M'Cade, who was at service with Mr. Cairns, bootmaker in that town, and she is about seventeen years of age. She was suddenly seized with a fit on Saturday night, and afterwards fell into a profound sleep, in which she has continued with only brief intervals of wakefulness and consciousness ever since. She is under the care of Dr. Jamieson and Dr. Maclagan, but their efforts are fruitless to effect a cure. During the temporary absence of an attendant on Monday the girl awoke, got out of bed, and ate some buiscuits. While the brief periods of consciousness last the girl appears in her usual health; but suddenly the stupor comes on and she continues in profound sleep for many hours, unconscious of all that is going on around her.

THREE CHILDREN BURNT TO DEATH.—Another calamitous fire took place at Crouch End on Sunday evening. Mr. Gardiner, a house decorator, living in Park-road, went out with his wife, after putting their three children to bed in a back room on the first floor. Some time afterwards the neighbours heard the screams of the children, and saw that the house was on fire. The flames spread so rapidly that it was found impossible to ascend the staircase or to reach the rooms on the first floor by means of a ladder, as the flames were shooting out from the windows to a considerable distance. The Hornsey engine was soon on the spot, and was quickly followed by the engine from Highgate, under the charge of the Highgate Volunteer Fire Brigade, but before the fire was subdued the entire building was gutted. The bodies of the children were afterwards found so shockingly burnt that they could only be identified by the clothing. The parents state that after putting the children to bed they left a light in the room so that they might not be frightened; but the origin of the fire is unknown.

A WIDOW FINED FOR OBEYING HER DEAD HUSBAND.—On Saturday Louisa Eade, a widow, residing at 6, King's-place, Bermondsey, was summoned before Mr. Pattison, by Mr. Hudson, the Vaccination Officer for St. Olave's Union, for refusing and neglecting to have her child, Henry John James Eade, three years old, vaccinated, according to Act of Parliament. Mr. W. Moore, the officer of the Associate Institute for the Protection of Women and Children, watched the case. The defendant said that her deceased husband would not allow her to take either of the children to be vaccinated. Mr. Pattison asked her how long her husband had been dead? She replied that he died a month ago, and the youngest child died shortly afterwards. She was in great trouble, and had no wish to act contrary to law. Mr. Pattison asked her if she was willing to have the child vaccinated? She replied that she was. She never objected to it. It was her husband who told her it was useless and improper, and she was compelled to act according to his advice. Mr. Pattison told her that the Act of Parliament was imperative, but as she appeared to have acted under the control of her husband, who had since died, he should only impose upon her the nominal penalty of one shilling.

THE NEW-MADE BRIDE AT THE SCHOOL BOARD.—Mrs. Anderson-Garrett has returned from her short wedding tour, and was present at the last meeting of the School Board, thus giving a practical answer to those who said that as a wife she would not be eligible. In taking part in the debate, she said that she felt bound, in the interest of the children, to oppose the amendment. She felt strongly that nothing would be more disastrous to the children to be educated under the auspices of the Board than to read to them the Bible without instruction—to put the Bible into their hands, and to, as it were, seal their minds against the knowledge of its contents—inviting them to inquire and reflect upon every subject but the subject of religion. Children were very much open to influences of this kind. If the Board endeavoured to shut the intellects of those children with regard to the Bible, the result would be the children would become more inclined to inquire and to exercise their intellects, and be the more open to the influence of sectarianism. Besides, she considered that the amendment would have the serious effect of limiting the choice of the Board in the selection of teachers. She believed that many schoolmasters and schoolmistresses would be deterred from taking charge of schools if they were compelled to read the Bible without explanations. Notwithstanding the statement that there were thirty-seven sects in England, she did not think that sectarianism was so extensive as might be supposed. There was a thirty-eighth sect, however, which required more attention than any of the thirty-seven alluded to. That sect was of those who were of no religion. That was the class that the Board should particulary endeavour to come at. She thought that the teaching to accompany the reading of the Bible might well be left to the discretion and fairness of the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses to whose charge the schools would be entrusted.

CHILDREN ROBBED BY A WOMAN.—Margaret Payne, forty-four, described as a birds'-nest maker, was charged with stealing a waterproof cloak, a dress, a pair of boots, and a hat from the person of Susan Patterson, a child six years of age. It appeared from the evidence of Frances Patterson, the mother, residing with her husband in the Waterloo-road, that on Friday afternoon she sent the child out to play for a little while, and finding she did not return she became alarmed and went in search of her, and gave information to the police. At a late hour she was brought home nearly stripped of all her clothing and boots. When she left home she had on a new hat, a waterproof cloak, a merino dress, and a pair of boots. All these things were gone. She knew nothing whatever of the prisoner. Ann Wilson, machinist, residing at 1, Cottage-place, Webber-street, said the prisoner resided at No. 5. On Friday evening witness heard that a child had been lost in the neighbourhood, and, seeing the prisoner come home with a little girl who was quite a stranger, she suspected her, and gave information to the police, and the prisoner was apprehended. The magistrate remanded her for further evidence.

HOUSEBREAKING AND HEARTLESS ROBBERY BY A WOMAN.—Caroline Jones, aged twenty-five, of Verulam-street, Gray's-inn-road, was charged before Mr. Barker with breaking into the back parlour of 3, Dorrington-street, and stealing a carpet and bed quilt, the property of Mrs. Hampton. The complainant is a poor woman, who is separated from her husband, and she has on many occasions treated the prisoner with kindness. The other day, whilst the complainant had gone to Ash-street, Walworth, to see her husband, the prisoner and another woman forced an entry into the complainant's room by the window, and stole the articles in question. The prisoner was seen to leave the house with the goods, but though she was pursued she managed to make her escape, and to make away with the articles, and they have not been yet recovered. When she was taken into custody by Police-constable Edward Rump, 268 G, the prisoner said she had taken the things to do the complainant a kindness, as the brokers were in the house, but this was untrue. Mr. Barker remanded the prisoner to the House of Detention for a week.

PAUPER CHILDREN AND THE SCHOOL BOARD.—The Boards of Guardians of the East of London have for some years past adopted "Denison's Act" (18 and 19 Victoria, cap. 34) which gives Boards of Guardians power to pay the school fees of children of parents in the receipt of parochial relief. In Mile-end Old Town upwards of 200*l.* per annum is expended in this manner, while all persons in receipt of outdoor relief are required to give certificates showing that their children are in regular attendance at school. In Ratcliff, Stepney, Limehouse, and Poplar a similar practice has been carried out with the most satisfactory results. It is now proposed to relegate this charge to the London School Board. At the last meeting of the Poplar Board of Guardians, Mr. Scrutton (London School Board) brought forward a motion on the subject. Mr. Scrutton observed that his object in bringing the matter forward was a purely monetary one; for while the money for school fees—amounting in Poplar to about 450*l.* a-year—was now drawn exclusively from the Union, if a transfer could be made to the School Board the amount would be collected over the whole metropolis. He therefore suggested that the School Board should be asked to consent to the transfer of the charge of educating these children. Several of the members expressed their approval of the suggestion, and a resolution was carried in the terms suggested by Mr. Scrutton.

MRS. PRODGERS AND HER CLOCK.—Mrs. Prodgers has again appeared in public, this time by applying at Wandsworth Police-court, to Mr. Dayman, to recover a clock which had been taken by a watchmaker who agreed to call once a-month to wind it up. She said that he had returned a clock which did not belong to her.—Mr. Dayman: He may call it yours.—Applicant: He pretends to say it is.—Mr. Dayman: But he does not admit the possession of your clock. Unless you can prove that the identical clock is in his possession you will have to sue him in the county-court for the value.—Applicant: Of course I know my own clock. He has brought me a clock which I never saw before.—Mr. Dayman: He says he has not the clock, and until you can prove that he has it in his possession you cannot recover in this court.—Applicant: I don't care about the value, I want the clock.—Mr. Dayman: You cannot recover here unless he has possession of the clock. You may sue him for it. Here you can only summon for detaining it. The first thing is to prove that he has got the clock.—Applicant: Oh, he took it away to rectify it.—Mr. Dayman: He may have made a mistake. He has brought you a clock which he says is yours. In the county-court you can recover the clock or the value.—The applicant, who was accompanied by a little boy, then left the court without saying another word.

THE LOVE CHASE.—Stories of runaway wives are of frequent occurrence, but it is seldom that such desertions occur on a wedding day; yet such an event took place on Feb. 3, over in Jersey. A fond couple were regularly married, and, after duly receiving the congratulations of their friends, stepped into a carriage and were driven to the depôt of the New Jersey Railroad at Jersey City, intending from there to set out on the bridal tour. Carefully and tenderly the happy bridegroom escorted his blushing bride to a palace car, and then stepped back to the depôt for a moment. When he returned, to his consternation he found that the train had started, bearing with it his bride, who was thus compulsorily flying from him at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Determined, however, not to be separated from her who had so recently been joined to him for life, he rushed to the office of the superintendent crying, not "My kingdom for a horse," but "One hundred dollars for your fastest locomotive." The superintendent, more moved by the hapless plight of the bridegroom than by the pecuniary offer, ordered the iron steed to be brought forth, and the husband mounted it in company with an engineer and fireman, and swift as the wind the locomotive sped out of the depôt and flew along after the preceding train. Many precious moments had been lost in the negotiation with the superintendent and in the preparation of the locomotive, and it was not until after a run at full speed for thirty minutes that the anxious eyes of the husband were blessed with the sight of the pursued train, coming up with it when it stopped at the railway-station. The meeting between the loving pair may, to use a hard-worked reportorial expression, be better imagined than described; but there is no doubt that the bridegroom mentally resolved that if he left that train, or any other, during his bridal tour, for any purpose whatever, his wife should accompany him.

Curious Items about Women.

WOMAN is the only female in creation who sings.

A Chicago girl advertises for a husband with but one leg, because she is in the same predicament.

Mrs. Mary Fletcher ranks next to Susannah Wesley in the calendar of female Methodist saints.

Many hundreds of girls are fixing the day of their marriage for the date at which the Marquis of Lorne is to be united to the Princess Louise.

At San Francisco a Chinaman recently gave his daughter a name, which translated means, "You-ought-to-have-been-a-boy."

A Vermont girl wants to know if the woman's rights movement includes the right to do the courting? If it does, she is in for it, as the men in her vicinity are very bashful.

Devotion to public opinion was evinced by a lady aged eighty, who recently married a man of a correspondingly appropriate age, because, she said, "he comes about my house so much that if I don't marry him people will talk."

"Two Omaha women have started a faro bank." Matrimony is the only game of chance women have engaged in extensively heretofore; but it would appear from the above that they are extending their operations.

Some American ladies recently dressed for a party, and having on low-necked dresses, they painted blue veins on the exposed skin, thinking it would add to their attractiveness. A physician, who was present at the party, looked on, and finally told them they had'nt got those veins painted within four inches of where they should be naturally. They did'nt know anything about anatomy, so they had put the veins on just where it happened.

A departed spouse was consulted by his widow through the aid of a medium concerning a purchase she had in contemplation, and received the following answer: "Do just as you please, because I know you will, any way. I don't forget people's disposition, even if I have been through death. So, Nancy, do just as you please. If you want to buy, buy; and if you get into trouble by it, get out of it. You are smart enough." This is about the only spirit ever heard from directly that did not give evidence of having lost all the sense he was endowed with here.

A distinguished American artist once was visited in his studio by a little party of ladies, all strangers to him. At last they went away; but one of the women soon returned alone. Getting the attention of the artist, she began in the most confidential and winning manner: "Mr. ——, don't you think that in some future group you may introduce the figure of a widow?" "Of course, it is possible; yet not likely. Why do you ask?" "Because I have a picture of myself, taken only a month after my husband died, which has just the right expression; and I will lend it to you, if you really think you will ever use it."

Hans Christian Andersen, who visited Charles Dickens's home many years ago, wrote thus concerning Mrs. Dickens: "It is a great pleasure to find in an author's innermost circle the types of those characters that have delighted one in his works. I had previously heard many people remark that Agnes in 'David Copperfield' was like Dickens's own wife; and although he may not have chosen her deliberately as a model for Agnes, yet still I can think of no one else in his books so near akin to her in all that is graceful and amiable. Mrs. Dickens had a certain soft, womanly repose and reserve about her; but whenever she spoke there came such a light into her large eyes, and such a smile upon her lips, and there was such a charm in the tones of her voice, that henceforth I shall always connect her and Agnes together."

A GIRL NEWSBOY.—A somewhat curious case was recently heard before a New Orleans court, in which a suit was brought for the property left by a certain Henrietta Newsham, whose history while in the flesh was not without its romance. This person came to New Orleans from Vicksburg on a flat-boat during the war, accompanied by her cousin, who was said also to be her lover. Upon the arrival of the twain in New Orleans, Henrietta adopted the garb of a boy, and became a newsboy. She continued to sell papers and to dress in male attire, unsuspected by her associates, until an order from General Banks ordering a draft in New Orleans induced her to resume the habiliments of her sex. She thereafter became known as the girl-newsboy. In 1864 she died of the the small-pox. In the following year her cousin died of the same disease; and in 1865 her aunt, with whom the two lived, also died. Some thousands of dollars were left by the girl-newsboy, and the suit now brought is by a person assuming to be the mother of Henrietta, and who claims her estate.

The weekly "Gossiper" of the *Sunday Times* hears of an American custom, which it is sincerely to be hoped will not be introduced into England. According to the *New York Mail* it appears that the fashionable young ladies of New York "have adopted nicknames, which they use on their cards, preferring to be known by them, and to let their proper names be forgotten. It strikes a foreigner as rather strange to see cards bearing such names as 'Gerty' this, 'Toody' that, or 'Pinky' so-and-so." Why cannot people see that these pet and diminutive names are expressly intended for the family circle, and for the use of intimate friends. The greatest mistake that many of our actresses have made in the present day is allowing their pet or diminutive names to be printed in the play-bills. It induces a familiarity which in course of time breeds a certain amount of contempt, and you hear young men talking about "little Nelly so-and-so," or "little Hetty somebody else" in the coolest manner possible. Let us trust the American fashion will never be introduced, or we should never be able to find out the real names of the young ladies we may have the privilege of meeting. The following is a list of pet names to be heard in London, and many others might be added: "Fassie," "Trotty," "Toosey," "Fluffy," "Mum," "Poppy," "Jack," "Baby," "Planet," "Barkins," "Tim," "Armer," "Cathuisda," "Dagger," "Pongsy," "Libby," "Conty," "Tiny," "Tachey," "Pidgey," and "Bib."

"I have used Davis's Pain Killer in my family for Bronchitis and Bowel complaints, and often given it to my men, and always with the most complete success. I consider it the best family medicine in use."—JOHN WINSTANLEY, *Cart Proprietor, Liverpool, Jan.* 2, 1860."—To PERRY DAVIS & SON.

Notes Interesting and Odd.

IN Chicago the omnibus drivers make a difference of one cent. in the fare between fat and lean people.

The following is an obituary notice of an old citizen of Nashville: "He was a most exemplary citizen and Christian. He had been four times married, and died in perfect resignation."

Said a noble woman: "I am not afraid to live alone, but I dare not marry unworthily." Is not this true heroism? The woman who can bare the burden of life alone—who submits cheerfully to a single life when circumstances have been unkind—who chooses from a strong sense of duty, or accepts it for the sake of loyalty to a high ideal, is a brave woman. There is an element of grandeur in her composition, and she is so far superior to those who marry for "a home," or "for convenience," or for fear of becoming "old maids," that there is no comparison between them.

A GRAVE PROPOSAL.—On the subject of beadle peculiarities I have received, says the Rev. E. Ramsay, from Mrs. Mearns, of Kineff Manse, an exquisitely characteristic illustration of beadle professional habits being made to bear upon the tender passion: A certain beadle had fancied the manse housemaid, but, at a loss for an opportunity to declare himself, one day—a Sunday—when his duties were ended, he looked sheepish, and said, "Mary wad ye tak a turn, Mary?" He led her to the churhyard, and, pointing with his finger, got out, "My folk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" The grave hint was taken, and she became his wife, but does not yet lie there.

HAIR-CURLER.—Some improvements in hair-curling instruments have been invented by Messrs. Kenny and Adams, of Albany, U.S., which consist in making the cylinder hollow and of thin metal, with a small screw thread at the open end, and providing a heating iron with a handle for screwing into the said hollow curling cylinder or tube for heating the latter rapidly and uniformly, and providing a heat that will not burn the hair, by means of water contained in the tube into which the heating iron is placed. The invention also comprises the application to the tube of a thimble or ring for applying to the tube in a manner to confine the end of the lock of hair to be curled.

NURSERY FOOTSTOOL.—To add to the comfort of nurses, Mr. Levi Burnell, of Milwaukee, U.S., has invented some improvements in footstools, which consist in a combination with a base plate preferably mounted on short legs of an upper plate hinged to it at or near one edge, or to a piece rising a little above it, and supported at the opposite edge by springs or other elastic support, considerably higher than the hinged edge, thereby constituting a graduated springing-stool on which the nurse may place her foot while holding an infant, and trot it with an easy and uniform motion, not attainable when the feet rest on the floor.

HATBAND MOURNERS.—A fire burned down some business premises in Sydney, and amongst others the shop of a man who was so well covered by insurance that the company disputed his claim. Amongst the stock alleged to be lost were 10,000 mourning hatbands. The counsel for the company cross-examined the sufferer by fire about these hatbands—wasn't it an extraordinarily large number? What probability was there of deaths creating a demand in a single shop for 10,000 hatbands? Replied the witness, "I did not keep the hatbands for those who grieve for the death of their friends; but for those who go into mourning for the grease on their hats." He got his insurance money.

A Miss Munroe, of Syracuse, New York, was recently married in Europe to a Russian gentleman. It was, of course, after the ceremonial of the Greek Church; and there is much that is picturesque about the pageant—what with the blue velvet and silver-laced robe of the priest, the holding of the heavy silver crowns over the heads of the happy pair, for the priest takes the united hands of the two in his, and marches with them slowly three times around his altar; all the while the groomsmen follow, holding the silver crowns over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. These crowns are so heavy that some of the assistants frequently come to the aid of the groomsmen. Praying and chanting is liberally mingled with the performance, and three times they take the sacrament. The bride and bridegroom have a piece of rose-coloured satin to stand upon, and there is a vulgar belief that the one who treads first upon the satin will hold the upper hand in the household. Upon this occasion the bridegroom gracefully placed the beautiful bride first upon the pink rug.

THE PITMAN AND THE DENTIST.—A famous dentist in Newcastle was once requested to use his powers over the decayed tooth of a pitman, which was giving him much pain. Geordie was requested to take a chair, and, before he was well seated, the refractory member of his jaw was skilfully drawn, to his great relief and astonishment. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "that wis clivvarly dune! What's the chairge?" The dentist replied that his usual fee was above the ordinary means of a working man to pay, and he would merely ask a trifle—perhaps his patient would not think half-a-crown too much? "Noo haud thee hand, doctor, thou's joking noo," said the pitman; "the last tuith aw had pulled out tuik the man half an hour—and he trailed me aw ower the room afore he gi' way—and he only chairged a shilling for the job!"

A JERSEY FISH STORY.—The last fish story comes from New Jersey. Lately, in the interior of that State, a mild-looking countryman entered a railway-car, bearing a bundle tied up in a handkerchief, which he placed under the seat at the end of the car. After travelling along for about half an hour, a lady sitting in front of the countryman was observed to move uneasily in her seat, and to cast savage glances at a seemingly respectable man sitting by her side. In a few minutes afterwards another lady, still further to the front, "became uneasy," and at last, rising in her seat, requested some gentleman in the car would protect her from an elderly-looking gentleman by her side, and whom she stated had insulted her. A dozen persons offered their assistance, and before the accused could speak in his own defence his hat was jammed over his eyes and he was dragged to the rear of the car. While there, and carrying on with the avengers a war of words as to what the indignity meant, still another lady rose, also seated further up the car, and accused a gentleman sitting behind her with improper conduct. Presently somebody in the front of the car shouted, "There's a snake on the floor." A scene then ensued. The confusion awoke the countryman, who, on being told of the snake, first felt in his bundle, and then exclaimed, "I'm blamed if that old eel hain't got loose;" started for the front, and soon returned grasping firmly an immense eel, which he had first caught while out fishing, but which, when brought into the car, had managed to get out of the bundle, and had wended its way to the front, lovingly caressing the different varieties of ladies' garters which he encountered on the way.

EASTERN CRITICISM OF THE LADIES OF THE WEST.—Prof. Garcin de Tassy, being unable, in consequence of the siege of Paris, to deliver his usual address at the opening of the Hindustani course of 'L'Ecole spèciale des Langues Orientales vivantes,' has just printed it at Caen in the form of a pamphlet on the History of Hindustani Literature during the past year. He quotes the following curious description from the *Akhbâr-i'Alam*, published at Mirat: "The French ladies prefer in a husband an open brow and smiling face; the German one who is agreeable, and above all faithful to his word; the Dutch one who is pacific and disinclined to quarrel and fight; the Spanish who can vindicate his honour and avenge himself; the Italian one who only dreams and meditates; the Russian ladies prefer their own countrymen, who consider all the nations of the West as barbarians; the Danish, those who stay at home and hate travelling; the English, 'gentlemen' who dance attendance on those in power and can ingratiate themselves with them; but as for the American ladies, they will marry anybody, no matter whom, without caring about his rank or social position,—he may be maimed, a cripple, deaf, or blind, if he be only rich!"

INDIAN LADIES AND THEIR DOLLS.—In Captain Taylor's "Manual of Indian History" there are very many curious passages illustrative of Indian life and customs. Here is one about children's amusements: "What the girls of India, whether Hindoo or Mahomedan, would do without their dolls it is hard to say, and they are at least as numerous as they are among English or French children. Not, however, certainly so beautiful, nor have they blue eyes flaxen hair, and waxy skins; they are of wood, painted, and are frequently frightful enough. But oh, the benign mystery of dolls, which inspire such universal love and care as is bestowed upon them everywhere! In India the Hindoo or Mahomedan girl of good family and ample means has her doll's room specially set apart; she may have many, perhaps, and each in turn requires something to be done for it. . . . Were it not for dolls the Hindoo and Mahomedan girls might have a dull time; but whether from the young princess, with her dolls clothed in brocade and fine muslin, and her splended feasts, to the poor labourer's child who makes a dirt house in the street, set round with gaily-coloured pebbles from the brook, and seats her rag doll thereon, sharing, for her festival, a pennyworth of coarse sugar with her playmates—the interest and affection is the same, and may not have varied for thousands of years."

A LOVER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
So fair,	so sweet,	so sharp,
First bent,	then drew,	then hit,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	my heart.
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart,
To like,	to learn,	to love,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
Doth lead,	doth teach,	doth move.
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
With beams,	with sound,	with art,
Doth blind,	doth charm,	doth rule,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart.
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart,
With life,	with hope,	with skill,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
Doth feed,	doth feast,	doth fill.
O face!	O tongue!	O wit!
With frowns,	with check,	with smart,
Wrong not,	vex not,	wound not,
Mine eye,	mine ear,	mine heart.
This eye,	this ear,	this heart,
Shall joy,	shall bend,	shall swear,
Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
To serve,	to trust,	to fear.

[The above lines may be read in almost any direction.]

NEW AMUSEMENT FOR LADIES.—The Americans this year invented a new amusement, which consists in running races on the ice in boats. The motion, we are told, is peculiar and exciting. It is neither rolling nor bowling, but a kind of darting. An old boat with steel runners, or a new boat with rubber springs or iron-shod edges, sails of ordinary canvas, and a rudder of steel are all that is required. These boats soon became "all the rage" on the Hudson, and next year it is expected there will be quite a fleet of them on that river. The idea has, however, received a novel and highly sensational development, beside which ordinary ice-boat races appear tame and poor affairs. One of these boats has actually pitted itself against an express train and beaten the steam-engine at its highest speed. A New York reporter gives the following spirited account of the race: "The ice-craft carried two gentlemen and three ladies. The Union colours fluttered at the masthead. A part only of the canvas was up till the train was almost abreast, when the whole was thrown to the gale. The ladies waved their hankerchiefs, the gentlemen their hats, and the ice-cutter leaped at its start. The quick eye of the engine-driver saw the point at a glance, and with one hand he seized the lever and threw on all the steam, while with the other he opened the shrill throat of the whistle. The engine tore down the road, whisking the train of cars behind. The passengers soon were aroused to the situation. Windows were thrown up, handkerchiefs and hats were furiously waved, and as excitedly responded to by those on board the ice-boat. The red-hot engine seemed to comprehend the situation, and strained its iron nerves to the utmost; the rails seemed to leap backwards from the wheels, while the whole train darted ahead like an arrow. The boat glided on still abreast, until, swinging round a point, and gaining a new impetus from the wind, it quickly took the lead until clear ice was passed, and the snow-crust impeded her progress."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—In bilious disorders, sick headache, in digestion, and affections of the nerves, these famous Pills, long highly appreciated in every part of the world, are regarded as a perfect remedy. They purify the blood, regulate the secretions, give tone to the stomach, restore the appetite, and renovate the whole system. After a course of these Pills, the once emaciated and feeble patient is so changed that his friends are both wonder-struck and delighted. These cheap preservatives of life and health are a blessing to mankind. It would be hardly possible to overstate the good that they have effected in diseases which, through maltreatment or neglect, had gained such a mastery over the system that their eradication seemed perfectly hopeless.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS,

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

(We shall be glad to receive from Correspondents, particularly from our numerous friends abroad, information of all kinds bearing upon the intellectual, social, and material progress of Woman.—Ed. L. O. P.)

MARY DREW, a distinguished member of the Society of Friends, in other words a Quakeress, delivered a lecture in the Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Jan. 15.

ELECTION OF MISS TEMPLE TO THE EXETER SCHOOL BOARD.—Miss Temple, sister of the Bishop of Exeter, has been elected by a majority of one to the School Board of the episcopal city.

CANDIDATE FOR STATE LIBRARIAN OF INDIANA.—Miss Laura Ream received a flattering vote for State Librarian in the Democratic caucus at Indianapolis.

The Brighton School Board has selected seven persons to collect the necessary school statistics, under the direction of Miss Ricketts, a member of the Board. They are to be paid 1*l.* a-week, and to give seven hours a day. Their names are Miss Eldridge, Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Kemp, Miss Carvill, Miss Munroe, Miss Toye, and Mr. Rawley.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

(These Announcements are inserted at the uniform rate of 2s. 6d each.

BIRTHS.

On the 4th instant, at 25, Wilton-crescent, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Crichton-Stuart, M.P., of a son.

On the 5th instant, at Broad-green House, Croydon, the wife of M. Hodgson, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 2nd instant, at Park Church, Highbury, by the Rev. J. Edmond, D.D., Mr. James Couper, of Holmwood, Catheart, Renfrew, to Kate, youngest daughter of the late Mr. A. M. Peebles, of Highbury-hill, Middlesex.

DEATHS.

On the 7th instant, Henry Blackett, Esq., of the Lawn, Ealing, and 13, Great Marlborough-street, suddenly, of apoplexy, aged forty-five.

On the 5th instant, at Aragon Tower, Twickenham, Miss Jane Elizabeth Kemp Edwards, aged seventy-four.

RECEIPTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—A wag commends the efficacy of either of the following methods of replying to gentlemen when they pop the question to *Blondes:* Pause, sigh, open your eyes with a good deal of wonder, look your lover in the face, and say, "What—what can you mean, Alfred?" If the last words are spoken with a little pout so much the better. 2. Very suitable for *Brunettes:* Start, flash a glance at the questioner, turn aside, unable to speak your emotion: one hand pressed to your *heart* will express this effectually. 3. Seize hands of anybody; burst into tears, covering your face; if you can't cry, droop your head, and murmur "Oh William!"

The Merry Hour

A sure way to make an impression—Fall down in the mud.

New definition for evening dresses—Dresses of Eve.

Flowers that are always falling off—Bachelors' buttons.

Something you are sure to have at your fingers' ends—Nails.

What's the Proper Age for a Parson?—The Parsonage, of course.

"I hope this hand is not counterfeit," said a lover, as he was toying with his sweetheart's fingers. "The best way to find out is to ring it," was the neat reply.

There are two periods in the life of a man at which he is too wise to tell women the exact truth—when he's in love, and when he isn't.

A philosopher, who had studied out almost everything, says he is satisfied that the reason why girls are in the habit of pouting out their lips is because they are always willing theirs should meet yours half way.

(From *Punch.*)

Benedick (who has married money, and still smarts under some of the consequences): "O, I say, Mary Ann, I wish to goodness you wouldn't pet me in public. I don't so much mind it—when we're alone; but before a lot of fellows, hang it all, you know!" Mary Ann (who is up in Mr. Anthony Trollope): "And why not, my Phœbus? Should not a woman glory in her love?" Benedick: "O, bother?——"

AVUNCULAR AFFINITY.—It is quite clear that the Marriage Law of England, instead of being too restrictive is too lax. For instance, a pawnbroker is at liberty to marry a woman although she may be related to him by a tie so intimate as that of having pledged her ear-rings. Ought a girl to be allowed to marry her uncle?

(From *Fun.*)

A BECOMING PURSUIT.—It is reported that Mrs. Yelvertou has become a farmer in Missouri. We hope her husbandry will be successful *this* time.

When is a wooden hut like whist? When it is made up of deals.

(From *Judy.*)

A NICE LITTLE GAME.—Polly: "Hush, Ma; we are playing at church. Willie and me are you and Pa, and baby is preaching, and Willie's gone to sleep really, and snores beautifully, just like Pa."

TERRIBLY FATAL FIRE.—A terrible fire occurred in Chapel-street, Edgware-road, on Sunday morning. The house was a ten-roomed one, belonging to Mr. W. Halley, a fruiterer and greengrocer. When the alarm was given, the whole household were asleep in bed, and by the time the fire-escape arrived, it was found that the shop, parlour, and staircase, and the back room on the first floor were in flames, thus cutting off all means of escape by the regular way. Several persons then made their appearance at the windows; one was Mrs. Halley, with an infant in her arms. Some of the neighbours having procured a blanket, they stretched it out and told the mother to drop the child and they would catch it; she did so, but the child fell outside the blanket and was killed. The fire-escape man then raised his ladder to the first-floor window, and succeeded in bringing down Mrs. Halley and her husband, but while he was doing so Richard Halley, one of the sons, aged fifteen, jumped out of the second-floor window, and was killed. Another son, aged nineteen, jumped from the same window, and was so seriously injured that he was removed to St. Mary's Hospital. A child aged two years and a half was also dropped from one of the windows, and being seriously injured was taken to the hospital. After the fire had been got under the body of the servant, Catherine Shirley, aged eighteen, was found in the ruins. The two boys who jumped from the windows have since died in the hospital, thus making five deaths in all.

HEARTLESS ROBBERY BY A WOMAN.—Ellen Kelly, a woman who two sessions ago was convicted of stealing 105*l.* in gold, seven 10*l.* Bank of England notes, three gold rings, a gold chain, silk jackets, dresses, tablecloths, and other articles, amounting altogether to the value of about 250*l.*, was brought up for judgment at the Sessions on Tuesday, sentence having been deferred to give her an opportunity of affording some information as to what she had done with the money and property. The facts of the case showed a heartlessness of conduct on the part of the prisoner that has but few parallels. It appeared that the prisoner was in the habit of waiting upon Mrs. Emma Salisbury, wife of Mr. Henry Salisbury, a traveller, living at 12, Burdett-road, Stepney, and at the beginning of January, as Mrs. Salisbury was very ill, the prisoner acted as nurse to her; and feeling that her end was approaching, she told the prisoner to put her hand up the chimney, and that there she would find a tin box. The prisoner did so, and on the box being opened it was found to contain 70*l.* in notes and 105*l.* in gold, and Mrs. Salisbury told her to put it back again, but at the same time remarking, "Whatever happens to me, give it to my husband, as it is his money." The next day Mrs. Salisbury's illness increased, and she had frequent fits, but on the following Sunday, being somewhat better, she looked and missed the money, which she had been saving for thirteen years unknown to her husband. She also missed a blue silk jacket, a black silk one, aprons, headdresses, table-cloths, gold chains, and three gold rings; and no one had been in the room but the prisoner. Mrs. Salisbury has since died. The judge sentenced her to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for eighteen months.

THE CITY CARPET WAREHOUSE.

JOHN BURDETT AND SONS,
76, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.
The best selection of Carpets in the City now offered at a great reduction in price.
The new manufacture of All-wool Felt Carpets, 3½ yards wide, without seam, far superior to the old narrow make
Houses Completely Furnished. Offices Fitted up.
ESTIMATES GIVEN.
ESTABLISHED 1826, at 76, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE,
THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.
ADVICE TO INVALIDS.—If you wish to obtain quiet refreshing sleep, free from headache, relief from pain and anguish, to calm and assuage the weary achings of protracted disease, invigorate the nervous media and regulate the circulating system of the body, you will provide yourself with that marvellous remedy discovered by DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE late Army Medical Staff, to which he gave the name of
CHLORODYNE,
And which is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.
CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma.
CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Ague.
CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhœa, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.
CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms.
CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.
From Lord FRANCIS CONYNGHAM, Mount Charles, Donegall, Dec. 11, 1868.
"Lord FRANCIS CONYNGHAM, who, this time last year, bought some of Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne from Mr. DAVENPORT, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half a dozen bottles sent at once to the above address."
"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet* December 1, 1864.
CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.
CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, July 13, 1864.
Sold in bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words, "Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.
Sole Manufacturer—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

RE-ARRANGEMENT OF PARTNERSHIP.
NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
THOMAS BRYER & CO.
Beg to inform the Public that it is their intention to associate with them as a Partner, Mr. THOMAS BRYER, Jun. (son of their Mr. Bryer), and that, prior to such arrangement being concluded, they find it necessary that the whole of their valuable Stock should be disposed of, consisting of upwards of
TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF
LINENS and CALICOES. WOOLLENS and FLANNELS. FANCY DRESSES. COSTUMES and SKIRTS. SILKS and VELVETS.
SHAWLS and MANTLES. PRINTED MUSLINS & MUSLINS. PIQUES and PRINTS. GENTS' OUTFITTING & SCARFS. HOSIERY and GLOVES.
UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS. LACE, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, and FURS. HABERDASHERY, &c.
MOURNING GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
N.B.—All Goods marked in Plain Figures.
44 & 45, KING WILLIAM STREET, & 6, ARTHUR STREET, London-bridge.

APPLIED NEURALINE. EXTERNALLY
THE INSTANT CURE FOR
TIC-DOLOUREUX, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL NERVE PAINS.
Prepared by LEATH & ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, corner of Doctors'-commons, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and Sold by all Patent Medicine Vendors. Price 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle.
The Cuts show Nerve-centres, and where Neuraline should be applied.

OZOKERIT. (PATENTED) OZOKERIT.
THESE WONDERFUL CANDLES SOLD EVERYWHERE
At 1s. 3d. per lb. in all sizes.
WHOLESALE (ONLY) OF
J. C. & J. FIELD, LONDON.

Just Published. Price 6d., limp cloth; cloth boards, 9d.
TILL THE DOCTOR COMES. AND HOW TO HELP HIM. By GEORGE H. HOPE, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.
"This is one of the most useful little manuals we have seen for a long time. It treats of almost every medical and surgical emergency that can arise, and gives good and sensible advice, without flattering the reader with the hope of dispensing altogether with professional assistance. We can heartily commend it."—*Echo.*
"It should find a place in every home in the kingdom, rich or poor."—*London Mirror.*
RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster-row; 164, Piccadilly. Sold by all Booksellers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.
THE PICTURE GALLERY of the NATIONS. A Description of the Principal Peoples in the World. Illustrated with 160 fine Engravings. Small 4to, printed on toned paper, 6s., handsomely bound, gilt edges. Suitable as a present for the young.
RICHARD HUNNE: A Story of Old London. By G. E. SARGENT, Author of "Chronicles of an Old Manor House." Engravings. Imperial 16mo, 3s. 6d., boards.
THE COTTAGE on the SHORE, or Little Gwen's Story. Engravings. Royal 16mo, only 1s. 6d., boards; 2s., extra gilt edges.
CHOICE POETRY for LITTLE CHILDREN. With Coloured Pictures and Wood Engravings. Small 4to, 2s., boards.
FUEL FOR OUR FIRES; or, Coal Pits, Colliers, and their Dangers. By the Author of "Lilian's Talk with Mamma about the Stars," etc. Engravings. Square royal. 1s. 6d. boards.
RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster-row; 164, Piccadilly; and B. STREET, Islington-green, Brighton; 31, Western-road, and all Booksellers.

Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne.
THE WATCOMBE TERRA COTTA COMPANY (Limited) will publish in a few days STATUETTE BUSTS of the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne, modelled expressly by Leifchild.—Apply to Mr. BROCK, Manager, Whatcombe Works, near Torquay.
LADIES BOOTS for the SEASON.—Kid Walking Boots to button or elastic, 10s. 6d.; enamelled kid, beautifully made, 21s.; soft and pretty house boots, 5s. 6d.; morocco slippers, 3s. 6d. Illustrated catalogues post free, with notice of convenient arrangements for country residents.
THOMAS D. MARSHALL, 192, Oxford-street, W.
IMPORTANT NOTICE to LADIES.—Mrs. EMANUEL is the largest buyer in the trade for Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Wardrobes, Uniforms, Jewellery, Gold and Silver Laces, Trinkets, Velvets, Old Point Lace, Brocaded Satins, or any kind of left-off clothing. Ladies waited on at their own residence at any time or distance; all parcels from town or country promptly attended to. A P.O.O. sent by return of post.—Note the address, Mrs. EMANUEL, 3, Tachbrook-street, Pimlico; late of 10, White Horse-street, Piccadilly.
ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.—Entire Change of Entertainments.—Professor Pepper on ASTRONOMY, with GRAND ORRERY, and Sacred Music, on Thursdays, at 2.15.—Collins's ODE TO THE PASSIONS illustrated in Living Statuary, resembling WHITE MARBLE, by Madame Bousfield, daily. Mr. Grossmith, jun., New and Humorous Entertainment, entitled HUMAN ODDITIES.—VALENTINE VOX resuscitated by Mr. Davies; and many other Entertainments. Open daily, from 12 to 5 and 7 to 10.
CUBIT'S ELIXIR OF STRENGTH.—A Cure for INDIGESTION, WIND, SPASMS, HEADACHE, BILIOUS LIVER COMPLAINTS: removing all Eruptions, Pimples, Freckles, and restoring to the pale countenance a beautiful, clear, healthy, and blooming appearance.—Sold in cases at 11s., 4s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and small size 1s. 1½d. each, by Barclay, Farringdon-street; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; Edwards, 38, Old Change; and all Chemists. Any size sent free safely by post on receipt of stamps by Dr. CUBIT 6 CHURCH-STREET, POPLAR, LONDON, E.

CEMENT for BROKEN ARTICLES, &c
FOULKES' CEMENT will unite any Material, from Glass and Leather to Wood and Iron, and the articles joined bear washing in boiling water. It combines transparency with unequalled strength and freedom from unpleasant odour, admits of great neatness and is of easy application. A few of the uses to which it may be applied: The repair of every description of House hold Glasses and Earthenware, Glass Shades, Chimney Ornaments, pieces of Veneer, the Binding of Books, Chippings of Furniture, Picture Frames, Mounting Prints, Marble and Alabaster Goods, Fossils, Ornaments in Ivory and Bone, Vases and Pendants. Costly wares, Ancient and Modern, that cannot be replaced, may, with this cement, be renewed, however much broken.
Sold in bottles, at 1s. Sold by all respectable Chemist, and Patent Medicine Vendors, and prepared only by the Sole Inventor and Maker,
W. J. FOULKES, Operative Chemist, Birkenhead.
COULSON'S IRISH DAMASK LINEN, &c.
JAMES COULSON & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS TO THE QUEEN.
MANUFACTORY—
LISBURN, COUNTY ANTRIM, IRELAND.
LONDON WAREHOUSE—
11, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.
ABEL MORRALL'S
PATENT DOUBLE-EYE NEEDLES
possess the following special advantages: Having two eyes, one above the other, the lower eye is egg-shaped and easily threaded. The thread passes of itself through an aperture from the lower into the upper round eye, where it remains locked until the thread is used up; even if the needle be left hanging by the thread it will not slip off. 100 sent post free for thirteen stamps; 1,000, 6s. 6d.
Address—PATENT NEEDLE WORKS, STUDLEY, near REDDITCH.
Manufacturer of Machine Needles of every description.

COLOURED PORTRAITS of celebrated VOCALISTS, viz., Sims Reeves, Santley, Titiens, and Nilsson. The set of four, in carte-de-visite size, but unmounted, so as to be suitable either for the album, scrap-book, or screen. Post free, 9 stamps.—JOHN JERRARD, 172, Fleet-street, London.
NEW PUBLICATION.
"WAX FLOWER MODELLING MADE EASY:" Comprising full Instructions and explaining the most simple and natural method of producing Flowers in Wax.
By ANNIE M. WILLIAMS.
Victoria and Paradise Nurseries, Upper Holloway N.
Post Free 2s. 8d.
Published by BRADBURY and EVANS, London.
TO MOTHERS!!!
DR. NAPIER'S SOOTHING POWDERS, a safe, mild, and effective remedy for all the Ailments incident to Children, from infancy to twelve years of age.
They are the same as prescribed daily by the most eminent and experienced physicians, and, except under some very peculiar circumstances, nothing better could possibly be given.
Sold in packets, 1s. 1½d., post free for the same amount in stamps, from the Depôt, 75, Allen-road, Stoke Newington; and of all chemists.
WHOOPING-COUGH CURED IN TEN DAYS
BY
DR. NAPIER'S WHOOPING-COUGH POWDERS!!
Prices as above.
By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent
Morrison's Archimedian Hem-Folder
FOR
THE SEWING-MACHINE AND THE FINGER.
Manufactured solely by JOSEPH GILLOTT, Metallic Pen Maker to the Queen, Victoria Works, Graham-street, Birmingham. Drawings and particulars forwarded on application.

500,000 Packages of BORWICK'S PRIZE MEDAL BAKING POWDER are SOLD WEEKLY in this country for making delicious Bread, PUDDINGS, and Pastry; once used always used. To be had in 1d. and 2d. packets; also 6d. and 1s. Patent Boxes. Sold everywhere.

FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE TEETH and GUMS, and PURIFICATION of the BREATH, PONDS' AMERICAN WHITE AREQA NUT TOOTH PASTE is unequalled for its elegance; its aroma, its detersive, astringent, and antiseptic powers. It removes from the Teeth all extraneous deposit, renders adhesive spongy gums, prevents Toothache, and arrests decay. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. All Chemists sell. Manufactured only by POND, BROTHERS, 68, Fleet Street, E.C., London.

TEETH.—Mr. WEBB (many years with Mr. Eskell, of 8, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square) supplies ARTIFICIAL TEETH which cannot be surpassed for use, comfort, appearance, and durability. Painless treatment guaranteed throughout, as with all other operations; and all consultations free. Terms most moderate.

N.B.—Any number of Teeth made in two or three hours, and repairs effected whilst waiting.

At Home Daily until Eight, at 27, NEW BOND STREET. See his Treatise, which is well worthy of perusal, free for two stamps.

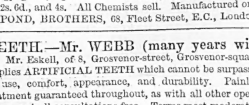
LOOK TO YOUR TEETH

MR. FRANCOIS (late Jeans), Surgeon-Dentist, continues to SUPPLY his celebrated ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on vulcanised base, at 5s. a tooth and £2 10s. a set. These teeth are more natural, comfortable, and durable than any yet produced, and are self-adhesive.—42, Judd-street, near King's-cross and Euston-square.—Consultation Free.

SPANISH FLY is the acting ingredient in ALEX. ROSS'S CANTHARIDES OIL, which specdily thickens the Hair, 2s. 6d.; sent by post for 54 stamps.—Hair Dye, 3s. 6d.; Face Powder, 1s.

ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn (opposite Day and Martin's).

WHELPTON'S



Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.

During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys; and in all Skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.

Sold in boxes price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane-court, Fleet-street, London; and may be had of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sent free on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

SAUCE

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

THE "WORCESTERSHIRE."

Pronounced by Connoisseurs

"THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE."

Its use improves appetite and digestion. Unrivalled for piquancy and flavour.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

To avoid which, see the Names LEA and PERRINS, on all Bottles and Labels

ASK FOR LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE.

Agents—Crosse and Blackwell, London, and Sold by all Dealers in Sauces throughout the world.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.—

THE SAFEST

FAMILY APERIENT.

In Boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.—These Pills consist of a careful and peculiar admixture of the best and mildest vegetable aperients with the pure extract of the flowers of the camomile. They will be found a most efficacious remedy for derangement of the digestive organs, and for torpid action of the liver and bowels, which produce indigestion and the several varieties of bilious and liver complaints. They speedily remove the irritation and feverish state of the stomach, allay spasms, correct the morbid condition of the liver and organs subservient to digestion, promote a due and healthy secretion of bile, and relieve the constitution of all gouty matter and other impurities, which, by circulating in the blood, must injuriously affect the action of the kidneys; thus by removing the causes productive of so much discomfort, they restore the energies both of body and mind. To those who indulge in the luxuries of the table, these Pills will prove highly useful, occasioning no pain in their action, unless they meet with an unusual quantity of acrid bile, and acid matter in the stomach and bowels. To Europeans, on their arrival in India or China, they are recommended as a preservative against the fatal disorders peculiar to tropical climates. Their occasional use, if combined with the strictest attention to diet, will be frequently found to remove at once, by their influence over the secretions, that congestive and unhealthy condition of the liver which is so often the earliest antecedent of severe febrile and constitutional disturbance. It must be understood that these Pills are not recommended as containing any new or dangerously active ingredients; on the contrary, they are characterised by a remarkable simplicity of combination and whatever merit they may be found to possess depends as much upon the selection of pure drugs, and the unusual labour and attention bestowed upon their subsequent preparation, as upon the acknowledged peculiarity of their composition. They are not recommended as a panacea, nor are they adapted to all complaints; but as a mild and efficacious aperient and tonic in the various forms of indigestion, it will not, perhaps, be an exaggeration to state that they have been resorted to under all systems of diet, changes of climate, or atmospheric alterations, with an extraordinary degree of success for upwards of seventy years. This celebrated family aperient may be had throughout the United Kingdom in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., as well as in India, China, New Zealand, and the Australian colonies.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.—

THE OLDEST

PATENT MEDICINE.

In Boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.—

In use the last seventy years for

INDIGESTION.

In Boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.—

In use the last seventy years for

BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.

In Boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.—

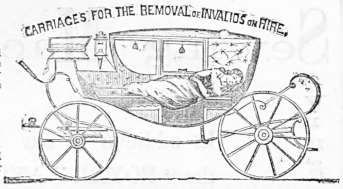
In use the last seventy years for

LIVER COMPLAINTS.

In Boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

READING'S

Invalid Cot Carriages.



The Greatest Ease and Comfort ever introduced for Removing Invalids, being fitted up with the PATENT NOISELESS WHEELS, and the New TubularAir-Beds, may be engaged, on Moderate Terms, for any journey.

H. & J. READING,

COACH-BUILDERS,

14, RIDING-HOUSE-ST., LANGHAM PL.

Also a good assortment of New and Second-hand Broughams and other Carriages for Sale or on Hire.

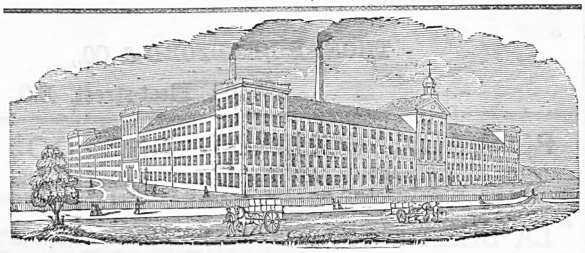
RIMMEL'S CHOICE PERFUMERY & ELEGANT NOVELTIES.

IHLANG-IHLANG, VANDA, JOCKEY CLUB, VIOLET, TEA, COFFEE, and other sweet perfumes, from 2s. 6d.; three in a pretty box for 7s.
RIMMEL'S LIME JUICE and GLYCERINE, the best Preparation for the Hair, 1s. 6d.; 2s. 6d., & 5s.
RIMMEL'S GLYCERINE SOAP, 6d. and 1s.
RIMMEL'S far-famed TOILET VINEGAR, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s.
MUSICAL ALBUMS, SCENT CASES, &c., from One Guinea.
SCENT CASES (Fancy Wood, Leather, Velvet, &c.), from 5s.
FLORAL CRACKERS, containing beautiful scented flowers, 5s. 6d. per dozen.
COSTUME CRACKERS, 3s. 6d. per dozen. ROSEWATER CRACKERS, 2s. per dozen.
SURPRISE BOUQUET FANS, Violets, 2s. 6d.; Rose Buds, 3s. 6d; Grouped Flowers, 6s. 6d.
EASTER EGGS, for Presents, from 1s. to £1 1s.

EUGENE RIMMEL,

PERFUMER TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

96, Strand; 128, Regent Street; & 24, Cornhill, London; 76, King's Road, Brighton.



IMPORTANT NOTICE.

J. & P. COATS,

SEWING, TATTING, & CROCHET COTTON MANUFACTURERS,

PAISLEY,

Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.

J. and P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to their *Improved* BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they *now* make *Six Cord* in *all lengths* from *No. 10 to 100 inclusive*.

The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the TRADE, ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as *Six Cord*, is such to *No. 40 only*, being *Four Cord* from 42 to 70, and *Three Cord* above that number.

WHOLESALE AGENTS:

WM. GILMOUR, 80, Wood-street, Cheapside, London. | WALTER GOW, 39, Spring-gardens, Manchester.
J. F. HUTTON, & CO., The Temple, Dale-street, Liverpool. | ERNEST GOUDCHAUX, 60, Bould. de Sebastopol, Paris.

THE GREAT SUCCESS which has attended the introduction of

THEIR GUARANTEED BLACK SILKS,

And the many Testimonials they have received of their undoubted excellence, enables

JOLLY & SON,

With much satisfaction, to recommend them to the Public as unequalled for

BRILLIANCY, BEAUTY, AND DURABILITY.

They a e of various makes, and range from 3 Guineas to 10 Guineas the Dress, and for the wear of all JOLLY & SON hold themselves responsible.

Address for Patterns.

JOLLY & SON, BATH.

They are glad to be able to state that the War has not, so far, materially affected their supply of these Goods, and that in some cases it has enabled them to reduce their prices.

BRADEN AND COMPANY'S

SUPERIOR

Prepared Groats. Prepared Barley. { For making pure Gruel and Barley Water in Ten Minutes, without the trouble of straining, in 3d. and 6d. packets, and 1s. canisters.

Prepared Peas Flour. { For making delicious Soup in Ten Minutes, in 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d. packets, and 1s. canisters.

Braden's Baking Powder. Unadulterated. { Puddings without Eggs, Bread without Yeast, Pastry Light and Wholesome, and with less Butter.

Braden's Egg Powder. One Penny Packet equal to Nine Eggs.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, CORNDEALERS, OILMEN, AND DRUGGISTS.

MANUFACTORY—STEAM MILLS, WHITE'S GROUNDS, S.E.

PRIME NEW SEASON'S TEA.

Really Good and Truly Cheap are the TEAS and COFFEES supplied by

PHILLIPS & CO., TEA MERCHANTS,

8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, LONDON, E.C.

STRONG TO FINE BLACK TEA, 1s. 8d., 2s., 2s. 4d. VERY FINE RICH BLACK TEA, 2s. 6d.

A Price Current Free. Sugars at Market Prices.

PHILLIPS & CO. send all Goods CARRIAGE FREE, by their own Vans, within Eight miles of No. 8, King William-street, City; and send Teas, Coffees, and Spices CARRIAGE FREE to any Railway Station or Market-town in England, if to the value of Forty Shillings or upwards.—Phillips & Co. have no Agents

TAMAR INDIEN,

A Laxative, Refreshing, and Medicated Fruit Lozenge, for the immediate Relief and specific Cure of

CONSTIPATION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES,

SUCH AS

CEREBRAL CONGESTION, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILE, HÆMORRHOIDS, &c.

TAMAR *(unlike pills and the usual purgatives)* is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation; for which reason it is invaluable to all persons of weak or nervous temperament, and particularly to ladies, especially prior and subsequent to confinement. It is recommended by the most eminent physicians of Paris, notably Drs. BELIN and TARDIEU, who prescribe it constantly for the above complaints, and with the most marked success.

PREPARED BY E. GRILLON, PHARMACIEN, 25, RUE DE GRAMMONT, PARIS;

And Sold by Messrs. BARCLAY & SONS, Farringdon Street, London.

Price 2s. 6d. per Box (stamped); by post 2s. 7d.

MDME. TUSSAUD'S.—Portrait Model of H.I.M. the Emperor of Germany, H.I.H. Prince Frederick William, Count Von Bismarck, Count Von Moltke, and other Celebrities of the War, are now added. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Ten Years of Age, Sixpence. Extra Rooms, Sixpence. Open from Ten in the Morning till Ten at Night.

LADIES.—A new kind of LADIES' STOCKING, a Marvel in Manufacture. The prettiest, cheapest, and best ever made, 10s. 9d. per dozen pairs; a sample pair sent free to any address for twelve stamps.—THOMAS WEBB, Manufacturer, Brownfield Mills, Manchester.

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.—Established forty years, as the most agreeable and effectual Preservative to the Teeth and Gums.—Sold universally in pots at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. None genuine unless Signed JEWSBURY and BROWN, Manchester.

THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION,

34, SOHO-SQUARE, LONDON.

Miss WAGHORN invites attention to her REGISTER of English and Foreign Governesses, Teachers, Companions, Tutors, and Professors. School property transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany.

EXTRAORDINARY PRICE of EGGS.—Owing to the scarcity of the above, we should recommend the Public to substitute BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER for making delicious Custards. Sold by all respectable Cornchandlers, Grocers, and Italian Warehousemen, in 6d. and 1s. Tins.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILATORY removes superfluous hair from the face, neck, and arms, without effect to the skin. Price 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; sent for 54, 84, and 144 stamps. Had of all Chemists. ALEXANDER ROSS'S "Toilet Magazine," monthly, 1s.

SCOTCH KNITTING YARNS.

DONALD M'CULLOCH, (late of Inverness,)

34, ARUNDEL-STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Patterns sent free.

PRIZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1857.

H. BOCK-BINKO'S,

3, CITY GARDENS, LONDON, N.

PATENT IMPERIAL PAPER BLUE, For LAUNDRY and HOUSEHOLD Purposes.
This Blue needs no recommendation: it will recommend itself. Every lady who has used it is charmed with its cleanliness, simplicity, and cheapness.
Sold in PENNY PACKETS,
And is far Cheaper than any other Blue.
Samples sent out to the Trade gratis on application.

BINKO'S BAKING POWDER, LIEBIG'S PRINCIPLE.
Penny Packets, and 6d. and 1s. Canisters.

PATENT IMPERIAL PHŒNIX POWDER.
Muslins, or any other Fabrics, being dipped in a solution of this Powder, will not take Fire, thereby preventing danger to life.
In Canisters, 6d. and 1s. each.

PATENT VICTORIA COMPOSITION, LACE, MUSLIN, and FINE LINEN DETERGENT.
The superiority of this composition over any other preparation for the improvement in appearance of fine articles of Lace and Fancy Linen Clothing, &c., will at once manifest itself where care and taste are displayed by the parties using it.
In Canisters, 6d. each.

PATENT IMPERIAL BRILLIANT FLUID, for Cleaning Window, Looking, Plate, and all other kinds of Glass.
In Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each.

PATENT IMPERIAL FURNITURE CREAM.
SWEET PERFUME, and superior to other similar preparations.
In Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each

PATENT IMPERIAL RAT & MOUSE EXTERMINATOR. Non-Poisonous.
In Penny Boxes and Canisters at 1s. each.

PATENT IMPERIAL BRILLIANT PLATE POWDER.
In Penny Packets and Canisters 6d. each.

PATENT BEETLE DESTROYER.
In 3d. Boxes and Canisters 1s. each.

BINKO'S BLACK AND VIOLET WRITING INKS

BINKO'S BLACK AND VIOLET COPYING INKS.

BINKO'S PATENT INK POWDER.

BINKO'S LIQUID GLUE AND GUM.

All these Articles are protected by this

Trade Mark, and none are Genuine without.

The above Articles can be obtained from all respectable Oilmen, Grocers Chemists, &c., in Town and Country, and through the Wholesale Houses generally.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 500 Medical Men to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, any may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the Body two inches below the hips being sent to the Manufacturer.

Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 8d. An Umbilical Truss, 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 10d. Post-office Orders to be made payable. JOHN WHITE, Post office, Piccadilly.

NEW PATENT

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

THE material of which these are made is recommended by the Faculty as being peculiarly elastic and compressible, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and swelling of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 16s. each. Postage 6d.

JOHN WHITE, Manufacturer, 228, Piccadilly, London.

CLOSE OF THE WINTER SEASON.

E. and R. GARROULD respectfully announce their CLEARANCE SALE of all SURPLUS STOCKS.

ODD DRESSES and REMNANTS in PLAIN and FANCY SILKS.

ODD DRESSES and REMNANTS in SILKS and WOOL REPS and SERGES.

ODD RESSES and REMNANTS in FANCY STUFFS. MADE-UP DRESSES and COSTUMES.

At a reduction in price worthy special notice.

FANCY GOODS, LACES, RIBBONS, HOSIERY, WOOL GOODS, TRIMMINGS, and MILLINERY,

Are during the sale subjected to a reduction of one half.

SEVERAL THOUSAND PAIRS OF LACE, LENO, and MUSLIN CURTAINS,

at less than manufacturers' prices.

SHEETINGS, HOUSEHOLD and TABLE LINENS, DAMASKS, &c.

E. and R. GARROULD, 150, 152, 154, 156, and 158, Edgware-road; and 57 and 58, Queen-street, London, W.

Close at Two on Saturday all the year round.

SILKS FROM FRANCE.—TWO THOUSAND DRESSES at 22s. 6d., each containing n abundant quantity. They are fashionable, plain colours, rocaded and twilled, made of bright silk, with a small ortion of wool, just sufficient to make the fabric excellent for wear. This purchase was negotiated through an agent. Somebody must have suffered a heavy loss. Patterns sent.

HARVEY and CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster-bridge, S.E.

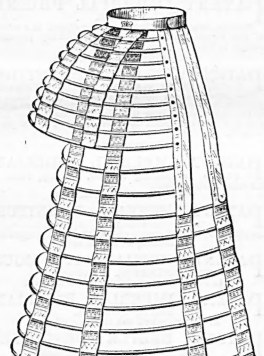
FRENCH MERINOS.—FINEST Quality, and Double Width, at 2s. the yard, in every Fashionable Colour and Black. This article is supplied daily in large quantities, and gives entire satisfaction. Patterns sent.

HARVEY and CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster-bridge.

WIDE VELVETEENS, bright and soft as Silk. Sacrificed at 2s. 6d., usually sold at 4s. 6d. per yard. Patterns sent.

HARVEY and CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster-bridge.

THOMSON'S
NOVELTIES FOR THE SPRING OF 1871.



CRINOLINES.—The new DUPLEX, Illustrated above, supplies, with the least possible weight, Tournure and Jupon in one. The "Self-supporting, Morning," and "Royal Train, Evening," Crinolines, are both inventions of a lady who has taken the greatest pains to test the idea practically before permitting it to be made public; and ladies will this season owe the great comfort as well as the elegant effect of their perfectly-sustained Trains, to the kind ingenuity of the Baroness de F———.

CORSETS.—The "GLOVE-FITTING."—Still further improved this season, their shape and finish being perfected on steam models, they are now faultless in design and manufacture. Although made in many qualities, accurate fit in all is obtained; and as they do not stretch in wear, their superior shape is permanently preserved,

THE "CURVILINEAR."—An entirely new model of Corset, fitting closer to the waist, yet affording much freer scope for the play and movements of the chest, lungs, and hips, than any Corset ever before invented.

CORSET BUSK—The "UNBREAKABLE."—By the new patented principle, no perforation of the steel is necessary, thus allowing of a much finer temper, and entirely obviating the risk of the usual breakage.

SPRING COSTUMES AND PALETOTS. In the production of these goods, W. S. THOMSON and Co. have enlisted the aid of the very first authorities and artistes. Ladies are therefore assured of finding in them the latest embodiment of high taste with *la derniere mode*. Every garment made of superior material, specially manufactured for it, cut and finished in a style never before offered to the general public at anything like reasonable prices.

The name and Trade Mark (a Crown), stamped on every genuine article, form the only security.

TRADE MARK.

Sewing Machines.

Sewing Machines

IN addition to our Two Specialities, the "ROYAL" ANCHOR, £5 (Lock Stitch), the "FLEET" ANCHOR, £3 3s. (Single Thread), the Largest and Best General Collection of SEWING MACHINES in London will be found in our NEW SHOW ROOMS.

THOMAS BRADFORD & CO.,
63, Fleet-street, E.C.

POLLACK, SCHMIDT, AND CO.,
210A, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.

The only really Silent Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine on the Rotating Hook principle.

"LA SILENCIEUSE"
PRICE FROM 6 GUINEAS. FORTY MEDALS AND THREE GOLD ONES.

"LA SILENCIEUSE" hems, fells, frills, tucks, trims, binds, braids, cords, hems, sewing lace on at the same time; embroiders, making its own braid in four colours and more. Prospectuses and Samples Post Free. Instructions gratis.

"GERMANIA" DOUBLE LOCK-STITCH HAND SEWING MACHINE, including more Extras than any other, £4 10s.

CAUTION:—*Only such Machines as are marked Pollack, Schmidt, & Co,. are genuine and Warranted.*

Wheeler and Wilson
Grover and Baker
Howe (Elias, jun.)
Willcox and Gibbs

Weed	Shakespear
Weir	Agenoria
Wanzer	Queen Mab
Tom Hood	Germania
Guelph	American
A B C	La Silencieuse
Royal	Cleopatra
Florence	Britannia
Excelsior	Belgravia

Patronised by the Crown Princess of Prussia, the Sultan of Turkey, & Nawab Nazim of Bengal.

SEWING MACHINES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION ON VIEW AT
SMITH AND CO.'S,
Who recommend impartially the Machine most suitable for the work required to be done.

SMITH & CO., 4, CHARLES-STREET, SOHO
(Four Doors from Oxford-street).

ANY MACHINE may be EXCHANGED within One Month for any other kind, without Charge for Use.

IRISH POPLINS.

"BRIDAL DRESS OF H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE.—We understand the wedding toilette of Her Royal Highness is to be entirely of British manufacture—dress of white Irish Poplin, manufactured, we believe, by O'REILLY, DUNNE, & CO., of DUBLIN; veil and trimmings of Honiton Lace."—*Court Circular*, February 4, 1871.

Patterns including all the Newest Shades sent post free. Parcels delivered carriage paid.

O'REILLY, DUNNE, & CO., 30, COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

Z. SIMPSON AND COMPANY
Are now offering several Cheap Parcels of
SILK AND DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, ETC.,
And invite special attention to the following:—
WOOL MANTLE SHAWLS, 5s. 11d. and 7s. 11d.; worth 10s. 6d. and 21s.
SILKS, in a few Colours, at 1s. 9½d. per yard, all pure, suitable for EVENING WEAR.
POPLINS, 2s. 3½d. and 2s. 9½d. WATERPROOF MANTLES, 5s. 11d. to 26s. 9d.
65 and 66 (late 48, 49, 50, and 53), FARRINGDON-STREET, CITY.

HENRY GLAVE,
534 to 537, NEW OXFORD-STREET, W.C.

A NEW AND EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SPRING GOODS
In every Department, at our usual moderate Prices, consisting of

FANCY DRESSES.	PRINTED CAMBRICS.
FRENCH POPLINETTES.	MANTLES and JACKETS.
SILK and WOOL REPS.	COSTUMES and SKIRTS.
SATIN CLOTHS.	MADE DRESSES.
FRENCH MERINOES.	UNDERCLOTHING.
LUSTRINES.	OUTFITTING.
BLACK SILKS.	MOURNING.
COLOURED SILKS.	
VELVETEENS.	
HOUSEHOLD LINENS.	FANCY GOODS, &c.

PATTERNS AND LISTS OF UNDERCLOTHING POST-FREE.

HENRY GLAVE,
534 to 537, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
76—77, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ANNUITIES granted upon more favourable rates than English and European Companies.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF THE FOLLOWING EMINENT PERSONS
Have appeared since the Commencement of the Sixth Volume,
And are still in Print:

THE EARL OF DERBY	July 2.
M. DE LESSEPS	July 9.
MR. DISRAELI	July 16
CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA	July 23
THE KING OF PRUSSIA	July 30.
QUEEN OF PRUSSIA	Aug. 6.
REV. JOHN CURWEN	Aug. 13.
CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA	Aug. 20.
EMPEROR NAPOLEON	Aug. 27.
PRINCE FRED. CHARLES of PRUSSIA	Sept. 3.
THE PRINCE IMPERIAL	Sept. 10.
GENERAL TROCHU	Sept. 17.
BARON VON MOLTKE	Sept. 24.
JULES FAVRE	Oct. 1.
VICTOR EMMANUEL	Oct. 8.
BISMARCK	Oct. 15.
BAZAINE	Oct. 22.
GARIBALDI	Oct. 29
MARQUIS OF LORNE	Nov. 5
MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE	Nov. 12
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA	Nov. 19
DUKE OF ARGYLE	Nov. 26.
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	Dec. 3.
THE SULTAN	Dec. 10.
THE KING OF SPAIN	Dec. 17.
ALEXANDRE DUMAS	Dec. 24.
REV. PERRY DAVIS	Dec. 31.
MISS NEILSON	Jan. 7.
EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA	Jan. 14.
LORD LAWRENCE	Jan. 21.
QUEEN OF SPAIN	Jan. 28.
EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA	Feb. 4.
DUCHESS OF ARGYLL	Feb. 11.
W. E. GLADSTONE	Feb. 18.
PROFESSOR HUXLEY	Feb. 25.
DEAN STANLEY	March 4.

Published every Saturday,
PRICE THREEPENCE.
To be obtained of every Bookseller in the Kingdom, and at the Railway Bookstalls, or direct from the Publishers E. MARLBOROUGH & Co., Ave Maria Lane; and also from the Office,
97, FLEET STREET, E.C.

WHIGHT and MANN'S
SEWING MACHINES,
UNEQUALLED FOR FAMILY USE, from 5gs.

Silent Lock-Stitch, 6gs.
The Alberta Lock-Stitch,
Silent. Price 6gs.
Excelsior Double Lock-Stitch
Price, with Stands, from 6gs.
Hand Machines from 35s.
First-Class Lock-Stitch, from 70s.
143, HOLBORN-BARS.

GOLD MEDAL, 1870.

SYMONS' SEWING MACHINES,
Distinguished as the easiest for a Child to understand and use by hand, or by the foot lightly and almost imperceptibly swinging on the

CLOCK MOTION DRIVER,
ensuring perfect control, with healthy, erect, and graceful attitude of body.

FOR FAMILY OR TRADE USE,
beauty and strength of stitch, on the widest range of work simplicity, ease, speed, and durability, SYMONS' MACHINES are pronounced unrivalled, and were awarded the only Gold Medal over forty Sewing Machines at the International Exhibition, and the highest Prize in two other Exhibitions also.

Gem Lock-stitch by hand..... £3 15s.
Ditto, on Clock Driver handsome Stand.... £5 5s

Lists Free by Post. Machines exchanged.

H. CYRUS SYMONS,
GEORGE-STREET, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, LONDON.

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless—Sold by all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.—WILLIAM MATHER, 14, Bath-street Newgate-street, London; and 109, Chester-road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester-road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box.

Sent post free for 16 Stamps.

BEAUTIFUL CURLS.—A lady who has had great experience in getting up Ladies' and Children's Hair, is in possession of an infallible METHOD to make the HAIR CURL as soon as applied, imparting exquisite beauty and keeping it wavy, soft, glossy, and in curl in all weathers, even if it has no tendency to do so. The cost will be 1d. per week, and one application will be successful. Material and directions sent free for 14 stamps.—Address, Miss A. M., Mr. Savill's, Bookseller, Dunmow, Essex.

USE ONLY THE
GLENFIELD
STARCH,
THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRESS USES NO OTHER.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S Celebrated COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath-street Newgate-street, London; and 109, Chester-road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester-road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box.

Sent post free for 16 Stamps.

Printed by W. J. JOHNSON, 121, Fleet Street; and Published for the Proprietor by E. MARLBOROUGH & Co., 4, Ave Maria-lane, London. *Editor's Office and Office for Advertisements, 97, Fleet Street, where all communications for the Paper should be addressed.*—MARCH 11, 1871.